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{ From Beginning,
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FROM ABROAD.

O LET me dream some summer day
That I am carried far away
To where the waters basking lie
Beneath an English summer sky.

And drowsily I sit once more
And look right through the open door
Of that old church where oft I heard
The preacher comment on the Word;

While in my thoughts a whisper ran:
" 'Tis Nature speaks of God to man
Each moment that he breathes and lives;
Her voice now gentle warning gives,
Now louder speaks, but every tone
The heart may ponder when alone."

And as I mused the summer air
Awoke the mere, which blue and fair
Lay with green meadows as a frame,
And through the door the soft wind came
So fresh and cool upon my face,
'Twas like, methought, the Spirit's grace.

O let me dream some summer day
That I am carried far away,
And see again through open door
The shining of the mere once more,
And feel the freshness of the air—
The Spirit of the Lord is there.

Academy. BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

AN AUTUMN FLITTING.

MY roof is hardly picturesque—
It lacks the pleasant reddish brown
Of the tiled house-tops out of town,
And cannot even hope to match
The modest beauty of the thatch;
Nor is it Gothic or grotesque—
No gable breaks, with quaint design,
Its hard monotony of line,
And not a gargoyle on the spout
Brings any latent beauty out;
Its only charm—I hold it high—
Is just its nearness to the sky.

But yet it looks o'er field and tree,
And in the air
One breathes up there
A faint, fresh whiff suggests the sea.
And that is why, this afternoon,
The topmost slates above the leads
Were thick with little bobbing heads,
And frisking tails, and wings that soon
Shall spread, ah, me!
For lands where summer lingers fair,
Far otherwhere.
I heard a muttering,
Saw a fluttering,
Pointed wings went skimming past,
White breasts shimmered by as fast,
Wheel and bound and spurt and spring—
All the air seemed all on wing.

Then, like dropping clouds of leaves,
Down they settled on the eaves—
All the swallows of the region,
In a number almost legion—
Frisked about, but did not stop
Till they reached the ridge atop.

Then what chirping, what commotion!
What they said I have no notion,
But one cannot err in stating
There was very much debating.
First a small loquacious swallow
Seemed to move a resolution;
And another seemed to follow,
Seconding the subject-matter
With a trick of elocution.
After that the chirp and chatter
Boded some more serious end, meant
For a quarrelsome amendment;
Bobbing heads and flapping wings,
Eloquent of many things,
Gathered into lively rows,
"Pro's" and "con's" and "ayes" and
"noes."

As the clatter reached my ears,
Now it sounded like "hear, hears;"
But again a note of faction,
With a clash of beaks in action,
Gave an aspect to the scene
Not exactly quite serene.
Fretful clusters flew away,
All too much incensed to stay;
Wheeled about, then took a tack,
Halted and came darting back.
Others, eager to be heard,
Perched upon the chimney-top,
Chirped, as they would never stop,
Loud and fluent every bird.

But the turmoil passed away:
How it happened I can't say,
All I know is, there was peace.
Whether some more thoughtful bird
Said the quarrelling was absurd,
And implored that it should cease;
Whether what appeared contention
Was a difference not worth mention,
Just some mere exchange of words
Not uncommon among birds,
I have only my own notion,
You may make a nearer guess;
All at once the noise was over,
Not a bird was now a rover,
Some one seemed to put the motion,
And the little heads bobbed "Yes."

O that sudden resolution,
So unanimously carried!
Would they'd longer talked and tarried,
With their fiery elocution!
What it bodes I cannot doubt;
They were planning when to go,
And they've settled it, I know;
Some chill morning, when the sun
Does not venture to shine out,
I shall miss them,—overnight
They will all have taken flight,
And the summer will be gone.

Spectator.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

From The Edinburgh Review.

THE WRITINGS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.*

THE following pages were written when we had no foreboding that Mr. Lowell, although known to be in bad health, was near his end. Possibly they are the more impartial and dispassionate, for in the sense of a recent loss there is a temptation to tone down even friendly criticism, and to exaggerate eulogies that are thoroughly deserved. If those who are gone from us are still sensible to the grateful appreciation of their fellow-mortals, it is given to Lowell to know that he had not lived in vain. Never do we remember more unanimity in innumerable obituary notices; nor has the requiem that has been raised in memory of the departed been broken by a single discordant note. Mr. Lowell was one of the men of sensitive refinement and broad culture to whom the busy American republic owes a great debt of gratitude. They have kept their countrymen in touch with the intellectual life and sympathies of the Old World, and Europe in turn has been largely indebted to them. American energy and ability, for the most part, have found their outlets in trade, commerce, or finance, and above all in the turmoil of party politics. There has never been any lack of patriots, statesmen, and generals, from Washington and Jefferson to Lincoln and Grant. But while politics offered a tempting career to ambition, and, in the intervals that could be spared from business, engrossed the interest of the nation, literature was at a discount. Responding to the toast of literature at the celebration of the anniversary of Washington's inauguration, Lowell himself admitted it and apologized. The reading class, he said, was small in a busy people, and the ephemeral news-sheet satisfied most of them. Books were chiefly pirated and imported. They were the one article which the self-contained republic did not care to protect with heavy duties, and did not pride itself upon producing. "We had no capital towards which all the streams of moral and intellectual energy

might converge to fill a reservoir on which all could draw." Consequently, "there are many careers open to ambition, all of them more tempting and more gainful than the making of books. Our people are of necessity largely intent on national ends, and our accessions from Europe tended to increase this predisposition." Nevertheless—and Lowell stood before his audience as a living example—there had always been Americans whose literary vitality was not to be suppressed. Like him, they claimed their share—and a large share—in the literary kinship of the English race. Like him, in their literary Odysseys among the authors and the countries of Europe, they imbued themselves with cosmopolitan tastes. Their precursor may be said to have been Washington Irving, whose affections were touched by the scenery, the manners, the halls, and the homesteads of old England, and whose fancy was fired by the chivalry and superstition of old Spain, and the wars when the waning Crescent was waging its death-struggle with the Cross. Irving, with his graceful historical romances, was followed by poets and brilliant masters of fiction and more serious historical students. There were Bancroft, and Longfellow, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, Prescott and Parkman, Ticknor and Motley, and sundry others. They all gave evidence of their irrepressible gifts by striking into an exceptional and unpopular career. With scarcely an exception, in their own world of the intellect they all showed the innate American versatility. They wrote books and delivered addresses; often they were more or less of Mezzofantis in their mastery of foreign languages; they assimilated themselves to European habits of thought, and followed bypaths of antiquated lore and language, unfamiliar even to highly educated natives. They idealized and localized the pagan mythology with the realism of a modern Roman Zola; they revived the golden legends and the chivalrous traditions of the Round Table, reclothing them in attractive modern dress; and with indefatigable patience they ransacked the musty records of Simancas and Venice and many a Continental capital, translating the contents of their

* *The Writings of James Russell Lowell.* In ten volumes, 12mo. Riverside Edition. Republished in London, 1890.

note-books into vivid and dramatic history. We say that Europe owes them a great debt of gratitude, because they brought fresh minds and fancies to their patient labors of love. They wrote and analyzed and criticised with unprejudiced judgments, from somewhat original stand-points; and in many respects, as citizens of a flourishing democracy, their social and political opinions were far in advance of the times. They travelled through classical and mediæval Europe with something of the pious sentiment that inspires the Christian pilgrim in Palestine, and they carried almost to excess their adoration of the immortals, from Homer and Æschylus to Dante and Shakespeare. To do America bare justice, it appreciated their genius and attainments, if it was chary of buying their books. They went home to fill chairs of history and *belles-lettres*, and the lectures they delivered and the enthusiasm they communicated have been of inappreciable benefit to the younger generations of their countrymen. Sometimes, with an honorable disregard for professional training, they have been chosen for high diplomatic posts, and they have justified the choice by discharging their political duties with tact and dignity.

Mr. Lowell was one of the most brilliant and versatile of that illustrious company, and perhaps no one of them has done more various or more useful work. It is true he had made no solid contribution to history, such as the "Conquest of Mexico," the "Revolt of the Netherlands," or the "Rise and Progress of the United States." But, on the other hand, in the course of a long life of leisurely exertion, he had taken all *belles-lettres* for his province. With delicate powers of appreciation and discrimination, with a sensitive instinct for comparative analysis, he was blessed with a singularly retentive memory. Abounding in rich illustration and apposite quotation, he evidently had seldom to hunt up a reference. Consequently his thoughts found lucid expression in a bright and flowing style, and the great attraction of his innumerable articles on miscellaneous subjects is that they are essentially and eminently readable. The proof is

that, if you turn to some passage for a special purpose, it is difficult to lay the volume down. Now he is grave; now he is humorously familiar; now he is quoting Homer or one of the Fathers or Schoolmen, or he is pointing a moral or enforcing a truth by some quaint Transatlantic drollery in the manner of Sam Slick. Except occasionally in the character of a ruthlessly conscientious critic, he never parades his recondite learning, or the wide range of his reading, and it is only gradually we learn to realize the wealth of treasure he had amassed. For example, he shows a rare acquaintance with recondite philology, and incidentally in his short Continental wanderings he made himself one of the first living authorities on old French and Provençal poetry.

The charm that lures you on when you drop casually into one of his literary essays is partly in the new and unexpected lights which are continually flashing before you, and partly in the humor and the pointed satire which are essential parts of himself. Whether he goes moose-shooting as a youth in the backwoods of Maine, or follows Dante into the Inferno with bated breath, he has always an eye for the comical and grotesque. Like Johnson, when on a memorable occasion that philosopher fell foul of the obsequious Boswell, Lowell could overwhelm a literary victim with a torrent of insulting and degrading metaphors. For the most part his satire is light and frolicsome; but when it was inspired by profound conviction or the fervor of righteous indignation, it became a really terrible weapon. If he leaves no monumental work of history, he could boast of having revolutionized the educated sentiment of a nation by a series of fugitive poems. The "Biglow Papers" are unique. Cervantes, whom Lowell so heartily admired, shot his sharpest arrows in the air; for Spanish knight-errantry had been laughed away long before, and, as Lowell points out, the character of Don Quixote is simply a masterpiece of eccentric humor conveying no special moral. But when Lowell, who began as a sympathizer with slavery, changed suddenly to an abolitionist, he shifted the lines of political division; he converted many

bigoted Northern democrats to a course of action in conflict with their old party relations and apparent interests; and, above all, he revolutionized the tone of fashionable Northern society. The feat was the more remarkable that he deliberately handicapped himself. The poet and prophet of the new political revelation was Hosea Biglow, clad in coarse homespun, and talking the vulgar dialect of New England peddlars and peasants. And the sponsor of Mr. Biglow was a pragmatical parson, whose prosy disquisitions on parochial subjects were in reality a triumph of shrewdness and wit. But thenceforth it became creditable to advocate abolition in drawing-rooms, and to preach it from fashionable city pulpits to congregations paying fancy prices for their pews. In the workshops, the bar-rooms, and other popular resorts, the laugh was turned against the slave-owners; the ground was prepared for the popular enthusiasm which recruited the armies that exhausted the South, and Lowell must share with Lincoln and Grant the glory of the crowning victories. The poems came out originally in the *Boston Courier*, and doubtless the satirist was encouraged to go forward as he was fired and astonished by his startling success. His conscience was quickened by recognizing the responsibilities he had half unconsciously assumed. When he had dropped the mask of the anonymous, it needed no ordinary effort or courage in a man of his retiring literary temperament to deliver a rude attack on vested interests, to assail social susceptibilities, and consequently to make bitter enemies on all sides. For his sneers at the southern pedigrees and aristocratic pretensions were far more irritating than his satirical onslaughts on that institution of slavery which merely involved land values and cotton quotations.

We see another, and yet a not dissimilar, side to his character in his serious poems. Like some of his more illustrious American contemporaries who have taken higher poetical rank, he ennobles duty, exalts morality, and will listen to no compromise with truth. If a man has a talent of any kind, it is Lowell's creed that he is bound to use it, or pay the penalty of

neglect or abuse in late and unavailing repentance. Perhaps the most powerful serious poem he ever wrote is the "Extreme Unction," that terrible picture of a remorseful deathbed, when the dying man in his hopeless agony is haunted by the spectres of his hopeful youth and his fond early ideals. Hence, conscientiousness, thoroughness, and dispassionate independence are the characteristics of all his literary work. We may not agree with his judgments, but he invariably gives fair reason for them and suggests ample matter for thought.

Nor is the least interesting feature in them the personal revelations, for there is a striking individualism in all his writings. The first of his literary essays in this collection is the "Moosehead Journal," a reminiscence of earlier exploration and of roughing it, which was not published till 1853. Though it may be presumed that it was dashed off, as it professes to be, in brief intervals snatched from a short night's rest after a long day's labor, it is full of characteristic thoughts, very characteristically expressed. Even when the thought is noways original, the expression, as the journalist presents it, is neat, novel, and humorous. Thus, he is moralizing on the extreme lengths to which his prosaic and eminently practical countrymen carry their devotion to the dollar.

Were I rich, I should like to found a few lazyships in my Alma Mater by way of counterpoise. The Anglo-Saxon race has accepted the primal curse as a blessing, has deified work, and would not have thanked Adam for abstaining from the apple. They would have dammed the fair rivers of Paradise, substituted cotton for fig-leaves among the Antediluvian populations, and commended men's first disobedience as a wise measure of political economy.

And there are delightful sketches of the local eccentrics, or "cranks" in a primitive community, which make us fancy he might have surpassed "Mark Twain" or Bret Harte, had it pleased him to devote himself to humorous fiction. For Lowell could hardly have been tediously diffuse, and his quick perceptions of the literary proprieties have generally saved him from riding a drollery to death. The rough

sketch of Uncle Zeb is as good in its way as the "Jumping Frog," or the story of the blue jays. Uncle Zeb is "always ready to contribute (somewhat muddily) to all general conversation; but his chief topics were his boots and the 'Roostick war.'" Half the joke is lost to Englishmen, who must own to a shameful ignorance of that memorable campaign. Nevertheless, they can appreciate old Zeb, who is always ringing the changes on the two subjects of his boots and the beans consumed in the bivouacs; and introducing them *à tort et à travers*, apropos to *bottes* and apropos to nothing. "If the talk seemed to be flagging, our uncle would put the heel of one boot upon the toe of the other to bring it within point-blank range, and say, 'Wahl, I stump the devil himself to make that 'ere boot hurt my foot . . . ;' or, looking up suddenly, he would exclaim, 'Wahl, we eat *some* beans to the 'Roostick war, I tell *you* !'" There is next to nothing in it all; but the art of making much out of little, with a creative faculty vivified by a sense of the ludicrous, is the secret of the most sparkling American humor. As good as Zeb—though in a very different style—is the grave, self-contained hunter and lumberer, with his quick decision and the sleepless vigilance of his restless eye, who had passed a life in guiding rafts through dangerous rapids, and whose pulses seemed to throb in unison with each oscillation of the birch canoe.

But while the humorist is drawing out Uncle Zeb, and the moralist is meditating on the lonely existence of the lumberer, the poet is communing with the beauties of the wilderness as the canoe glides rapidly down the stream. He indicates rather than describes; but nothing escapes his eye, and so we can understand how all the romance in his imagination is excited, when he crosses the Atlantic, without touching in foggy England, and sets foot for the first time on the shores of sunny Italy. He had the energy of an American, and he had never expended it; anticipation had been raised to the highest point, and he made the leisurely voyage in an old-fashioned sailing ship. So long as he was exhilarated by swift progress, he revelled in the poetry of sky and sea, delighted in the glories of dazzling cloud effects, and found graceful metaphors in the floating marvels of the tiny Portuguese "men-of-war," in their purple and gold, as any beautiful galley of Cleopatra. But a twelve days' calm in mid-Atlantic in mid-August was an experience with which

he had never reckoned. The ever-changing sea, with the cessation of movement, had lost all its charm. He declares there is nothing so desperately monotonous, and he no longer wonders at the ferocity of pirates. Nor is there any resource to be found in intellectual distractions, just when life seems to give most leisure for them. "The dampness seems to strike into the wits as into lucifer matches, so that one may scratch a thought half-a-dozen times, and get nothing but a faint sputter, the forlorn hope of fire, which only goes far enough to leave a sense of suffocation behind it." Next day the wind may rise and the mood will change, and then in the reaction we have a burst of rapture, and a scene which the poet has marked in his memory for future use. "A cloudless sunrise in mid-ocean is beyond comparison for simple grandeur. It is like Dante's style, bare and perfect. Naked sun meets naked sea, the true classic of nature." Lowell's description, bare and brief, unconsciously imitates Dante's style. The poetical rapture is there, but it is severely compressed. And when he subsequently amplifies it in a score or two of sonorous couplets, it must be confessed that the description is lamentably enfeebled in the expansion. For himself, setting out upon his travels, he regrets having been born so late. The age of adventure has gone by with the dreams of El Dorado. The world has been mapped out, surveyed, and measured; science has been abroad, investigating and testing; nothing is nowadays left to the imagination. Blessed were the old voyagers, from Ulysses and Æneas to Marco Polo and Munchausen, who were always coming upon marvels, and who set no limits to their credulity!

The journals of the elder navigators are prose Odysseys. The geographies of our ancestors were works of fancy and imagination. They read poems where we yawn over items. Their world was a huge wonder-horn, exhaustless as that which Thor strove to drain. Ours could scarce quench the small thirst of a bee. No modern voyager brings back the magical foundation stones of a "Tempest." No Marco Polo, traversing the deserts beyond the city of Lok, could tell of things able to inspire the mind of Milton with

Calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.

It was easy enough to believe the story of Dante when two-thirds of even the upper world were yet untraversed and unmapped. With every step of the recent traveller an inheritance of the wonderful is diminished. Those beautifully pictured notes of the Pos-

sible are redeemed at a ruinous discount in the hard and cumbrous coin of the Actual. How are we not defrauded and impoverished! Does California vie with El Dorado? or are Bruce's Abyssinian kings a set-off for Prester John? . . . How do we not gain a loss in every addition to his Catalogue of Vulgar Errors? Where are the fishes which nidificated in trees? Where the monopodes, sheltering themselves from the sun beneath their single umbrella-like foot—umbrella-like in everything but the fatal necessity of being borrowed?

So he runs on for another page or so; for when he is in the full flow of quaint illustration his imagination is so fertile that it scarcely knows when to leave off. But, after all, no one knew better that there are pleasures for inquisitive knowledge which are denied to credulous ignorance, and that the earth to the man of education grows more interesting as the ages go on. Associations accumulate, and to the intelligent and romantic American traveller an introduction to classical Italy was a new revelation. In all his writings there is the continual lament that the beloved land of his birth is barren of venerable association. In all of them he is perpetually claiming his birthright as heir to the intellectual triumphs transmitted through an English ancestry. The claim may be valid, but he confesses that the right is beyond the reach of the descendants of the colonists in one essential point:—

We are *not* Englishmen inasmuch as we only possess their history through our minds, and not by lifelong association with a spot and an idea we call England. History, without the soil it grew in, is more instructive than inspiring. It is laid away in our memories, and does not run in our veins. Surely in all that concerns æsthetics Europeans have us at an immense advantage. They start at a point which we arrive at after weary years, for literature is not shut up in books nor art in galleries; both are taken in by unconscious absorption through the finer pores of mind and character in the atmosphere of society.

He fancifully dwells on the universal attractions of Italy for the pilgrims and *dilettanti* from all nations. The philosophical and sausage-loving German, the sceptical Frenchman, the English milord of the old school of travel, with the overflowing money-bags he leaves to the manipulation of a courier, alike find their special sources of pleasure:—

But to the American of an imaginative temper, Italy has a deeper charm. She gives him cheaply what gold cannot buy for him at home—a Pass at once legendary and authentic, and

in which he has an equal claim with every other foreigner. . . . for Rome is the mother country of every boy who has devoured Plutarch or taken his daily doses of Florus. Italy gives us antiquity, with good roads, cheap living, and, above all, a sense of freedom from responsibility. For him who has escaped thither there is no longer any tyranny of public opinion; its fetters drop from his limbs when he touches that consecrated shore, and he rejoices in the recovery of his own individuality.

In passages like these there is much in common between Lowell and Heine with his satirical vein of humor. The romance in Lowell's lively imagination loves to put itself playfully at variance with his common sense and advanced political opinions. Of course, in his heart and conscience, he would have approved the unification of liberated Italy, for the article from which we are quoting must have been published nearly forty years ago. But as the æsthetic *dilettante*, and in the way of exhilarating novelty, we can see him revelling in the picturesque abuses of the old system, when urban sanitation had greatly retrograded since the time of the Cæsars, and when the country, cut up into half a score of states, was groaning under Austrian and papal misrule. He enjoys, and almost admires, the ill-regulated impulses of a people of emotional temperament, who are more like children than men. A violent squabble at a *dogana*, on the question whether a dead parrot is liable to duty, invites him to paradoxical moralizing on the contrasts between his countrymen and the Italians, and not altogether to the advantage of the former. He asks himself, although not in so many words, whether it is not possible to be too earnest and practical. May not abounding commercial prosperity mean partial mental paralysis, and the general deadening of those sentiments and pleasurable emotions which give piquancy and relief to the drudgery of existence? May not unexamined material success be a symptom of national decay? For a nation cannot live by intellect alone, and "it would be easier to make a people great in whom the animal is vigorous, than to keep one so after it has begun to spindle into over-intellectuality."

But, like Heine, the essayist knows too well to bore us into dwelling at tedious length on paradoxical theories, which no one would be more ready to dispute than himself. He is riding among the Alban Hills, and probably he beguiled the way with such quaint fancies while his mule was plodding along in the coppices of an

extinct crater. Versatile and volatile, as one of the frisky squirrels of his native New England, he is chattering the next moment on the picturesque beauties of the scenery, and enraptured by the wide range of views over the rolling expanse of the Campagna. He paints the melting colors of cloudland and mountain with the pen of a poet and the pencil of an artist. And, looking back upon the grey old towns that clung to the sides and summits of seemingly inaccessible peaks, he remarks, characteristically, that we moderns are greatly indebted to the ruthless Saracens, and to the quarrels of the robber barons of the Middle Ages. It was to be out of their way that the people made their homes in spots so sublime, but so unsuited for habitation. They abandoned the rich plains to desolation and malaria, and scratched the bare rock for a painful subsistence, where otherwise only an American land company could have induced settlers to locate themselves.

I have seen an insect that makes a mask for himself out of the lichens of the rock over which he crawls, contriving so to deceive the birds; and the towns in this wild region would seem to have been built on the same principle. Made of the same stone with the cliffs on which they perch, it asks good eyesight to make them out at the distance of a few miles, and every wandering mountain mist annihilates them for the moment.

We naturally turn to the articles in the "Library of Old Authors," written between 1858 and 1864, for some insight into his intellectual friendships and the favorite companions of his solitude. He has the bump of veneration largely developed; there are idols he has enshrined in his innermost affections, and he is loth that any one but himself should take liberties with them. For himself, though he reserves free right of judgment, he always approaches them with grateful reverence. To err is human; the best writers had their faults, and could not in the nature of things be invariably equal to themselves; but the godlike genius of a Dante or a Shakespeare should be interpreted and commented on rather than criticised. Consequently, the profanity of unsympathetic editors and commentators volunteering for tasks for which they are glaringly incompetent provokes him to resentful outbreaks of spleen. In those articles where he took modern editions and collections for his texts, we have a taste of the bitterest quality of the satirist of the "Biglow Papers." Pleasantly enough he draws his distinctions between the stu-

dent, with whom he sympathizes, and the mere collector or the bibliomaniac. But when he falls foul of any one whom he believes to be a presumptuous and incapable critic, he lays on the cat o' nine tails with unsparing severity. He gloats over the sufferings of the writhing victim. He seems to have owed Halliwell a grudge for having taken Shakespeare's memory in charge, as if Halliwell had provoked the curse engraved on the poet's tomb. Incidentally, in an article on Shakespeare, he remarks that the poet had been singularly unfortunate in all his editors. And he is especially and almost venomously hard on Mr. Halliwell's editing of the works of Marston. He declares, for example, that Halliwell must have taken the careless dramatist at his word, in still "leaving all emendation to the reader;" and if he charitably consents to look over some of his shortcomings, it is on the supposition that the proof sheets had never been revised. In short, Mr. Lowell, like most earnest scholars, is a good literary hater; nor does Hazlitt, in the editorial capacity, fare much better at his hands. With his catholic tastes he is a safe and useful guide to the real merits of certain half-forgotten authors, whom it has become a fashion to reprint and to pretend to admire. There have been dramatists whose dullness seems to have been redeemed by the indecency to which they owed their popularity with an immoral society; and poets, like authors, who have had the luck to be crowned with laurel on the strength of a single happy hit. His satirical remarks on Southwell's paraphrasing of the Psalms are singularly happy; he argues characteristically, though not in so many words, that because a man was a martyr, that does not entitle him to be canonized as a poet, and he rises into eloquence when resentfully contrasting the verse-mongering Jesuit with the fervid inspiration of the saintly Herbert. The diluting of David may be an innocent enough occupation;

but to regard these metrical mechanics as sacred because nobody wishes to touch them, as meritorious because no one can be merry in their company—to rank them in the same class with those ancient songs of the Church, sweet with the breath of the saints, sparkling with the tears of pilgrim penitents, and warm with the fervor of martyrs—nay, to set them up beside such poems as those of Herbert, composed in the upper chambers of the soul that open towards the sun's rising, is to confound piety with dullness and the manna of heaven with its sickening namesake from the apothecary's drawer.

On the other hand, analyzing the difficulty of translation, of truly rendering the spirit of the original in something like the same measure and numbers, he does enthusiastic justice to the Homer of Chapman, and there we heartily agree. Short of finding another Homer to translate Homer, it would have been hard to do better, and some of the passages in Chapman are simply sublime. The translation, as Mr. Lowell says of it, has the crowning merit of being, where it is most successful, thoroughly alive. Were we not familiar with "Christopher North's" admirable articles on Homer, we should say it would be difficult to pay the quaint old Englishman a more discriminating tribute than Lowell has done.

Chapman's mastery of English is something wonderful even in an age of masters when the language was still a mother-tongue and not a contrivance of pedants and grammarians. He had a reverential sense of "our divine Homer's depth and gravity which will not open itself to the curious austerity of belaboring art, but only to the natural and most ingenious souls of our thrice-sacred Poesy." His task was as holy to him as a version of Scripture: he justifies the tears of Achilles by those of Jesus, and the eloquence of his horse by that of Balaam's less noble animal. He is especially great in the similes. Here he rouses himself always, and if his enthusiasm sometimes led him to heighten a little, or even to add outright, he gives us a picture full of life and action, or of the grandeur and beauty of Nature, as stirring to the fancy as his original.

It is in a similarly reverential and religious spirit, as we have said, that Lowell himself approaches the greatest of the immortals. To Dante, as he declares, the suffrages of highest authority would assign the second place in the literary hierarchy. He was a man whom an American might well admire; for if his genius was purified and ennobled by sorrows and disappointments, it was because he had stooped to take an active part in the politics of the ungrateful city which exiled him. The poet of the "Inferno" was a zealous patriot, deeply concerned for the welfare of his Florentine commonwealth, and taking broad and statesmanlike views of the society by which he was proscribed. Through all the foreign and domestic troubles that devastated Florence, the features have been preserved in an eloquently impressive effigy of the partisan who with the serene impartiality of a judge distributed rewards and apportioned punishments to the most famous of his contemporaries. Among the illustrious dead

whose statues surround the courtyard of the Florentine Museum

is one figure before which every scholar, every man who has been touched by the tragedy of life, lingers with reverential pity. The haggard cheeks, the lips clamped together in unflinching resolve, the scars of lifelong battle, and the brow, whose stern outline seems the trophy of final victory—this, at least, is a face that needs no name beneath it.

In no essay, or series of essays, is Mr. Lowell more suggestive than in his elaborate study of Dante. He shows us a man who has left his mark for all time by the indefatigable cultivation of phenomenal gifts. Like St. Aldegonde, Dante looked forward to his rest elsewhere, and labor was a duty, a distraction, and a consolation. Unlike Shakespeare, he took infinite pains with the monument which he foresaw would endure to eternity. More versatile even than Leonardo di Vinci, he cultivated, as mere recreations, the music and the painting in which he might have excelled. Like Bacon—although Europe was scarcely emerging from the ignorance of the Dark Ages—he had taken all science for his province. The books which Shakespeare, on sufficiently flimsy evidence, may be presumed to have studied, might be counted on the fingers. Dante's library, on the contrary, as Mr. Lowell gathers from the references and quotations in his works, must have been miscellaneous and exhaustive. He had travelled much; he had studied in many universities in Italy and abroad; and he had made the acquaintance of many eminent men of letters. Indeed, nothing but his intense individuality could have saved him from being demoralized by contact with the schoolmen, the pedants, and the doctrinaires. He was a soldier who had seen service, and a courtier familiar with courts. In fact, genius, with universal knowledge and almost as universal experience, had alike fitted him successfully to attempt a flight as venturesome as that of Milton's Satan. His writings are inspired by intense actuality; for, as Mr. Lowell observes, the central point in all of them is the writer's own commanding personality. And his personality was strange and very exceptional. Like the late Laurence Oliphant—if we may compare a grand man with a man relatively small—he was at once a shrewd man of business and a mystic. Like Oliphant, he believed himself to have received a direct commission from Heaven. Consequently, the "Commedia" was a revival and revolution in

literature, because Christianity again came to the front, and the poem was the expression of the writer's convictions. Giving the rein to the intellect in every other sphere, Dante was as far as possible from being a freethinker. Recognizing the fallibility and criminality of the popes, he had no toleration for heretics. Moreover, as he said, he regarded "prudence as the chief of the cardinal virtues," and did not care to come into inevitable conflict with the spiritual authorities who burned Savonarola. Dante had in him the stuff which makes martyrs; but he knew his value, and would not have gone to the stake on speculative doctrines open to controversy. At the same time, on questions of moral teaching there is no thought of compromise. With a force that was all his own, and the vigor trenching on brutality which belonged to the age, he brought home to self-deluding sinners the penalties that eternal justice had ordained.

Dante's age demanded very palpable and even revolting types. As in the old legend, a drop of scalding sweat from the damned soul must shrivel the very skin of those for whom he wrote, to make them wince, if not to turn away, from evil doing. . . . His hell is a condition of the soul; and he could not find images loathsome enough to express the moral deformity which is wrought by sin on its victims, or his own abhorrence of it.

As to the interpretation of his allegories, it seems to us a natural but idle expenditure of ingenuity when Mr. Lowell tries to find consistent solutions of them. Even sacred inspiration did not care to elucidate its full meaning for human comprehension, but left much to the interpretation of faith or imagination. Like the prophets and the vision seer of the Apocalypse and the author of the "Faerie Queen," Dante, the mystic, gave expression to much but vaguely realized by himself. Indeed, Mr. Lowell sums up the whole question as satisfactorily as may be when he says that, while most men remain outside their work, there are others who, like Dante, make their individuality felt in every part of it. Dante was, in practical matters, the man of his time; but when his transcendent genius rose into the realms of the imagination, it saw visions and dreamed dreams which, in less ecstatic moments, the poet himself might have been puzzled to interpret.

Shakespeare is placed upon a still higher pedestal. The grand Florentine was a man of wide cultivation and of many experiences. The poet of Stratford was a genius by inspiration. Taught at a

country grammar school, growing up, as tradition tells us, in the society of scapegraces and dissipated rustics, it is a question what books he found leisure to read, and his library, at the best, must have been very limited. Philosophy and metaphysics had come to him by inspiration; his happily chosen metaphors and effects indicate the delicate shades of the characters he depicts; and the most dramatic pictures formed themselves by magical reflection on his mental retina. He scattered his pearls broadcast in his lightly composed plays, and showered his roses at random in the English sweetness of his sonnets. It is only natural that his worshippers, as in the case of Dante, should have tried to divine hidden meanings of which the one poet was probably as unconscious as the other. Mr. Lowell's analyses of "Hamlet" and of the "Tempest" are masterpieces of ingenuity, though, like some of his interpretations of the "Inferno," they are more suggestive than satisfactory. And in his notices of "Macbeth" he makes exceedingly clever points as to the lines descriptive of the arrival of the king at the castle which was to be the scene of the terrible tragedy. To Lady Macbeth brooding over the impending crime, the croak of the raven was ominously significant; whereas to Banquo, knowing nothing of his entertainers' purpose, the bright scenery and the fresh air were suggestive of a hospitable welcome.

But Mr. Lowell, in his excessive admiration and his philological enthusiasm, begins his essay with a startling assertion, which sounds very like a paradox, and is scarcely to be taken seriously. He declares boldly that it may be doubted whether any language be rich enough to maintain more than one really great poet. Perhaps he comes nearer to the truth, writing as a zealous philologist, when he asserts that there is but a short space in the life of any language when such a phenomenon as a great poet is possible. The arguments he uses to establish the proposition as to Shakespeare are undoubtedly extremely interesting. He shows the importance of pure and strong language to full and free poetical expression. He dwells upon Shakespeare's happy fortune in having flourished in the golden reign of Elizabeth, and in his having had Spenser as a forerunner to prepare the way for him. He is far more fanciful when he congratulates the poet on having had a Saxon father and a Norman mother. We suspect that the Ardens, for all their Norman blood, spoke and spelled eccentric-

cally in crabbed calligraphy, very like the elder Shakespeare, the Saxon woolstapler of Stratford. But we must admire the singularly felicitous metaphor by which he illustrates the exquisite proportions of the component parts of English in the later years of Elizabeth.

In the experiments made for casting the great bell for the Westminster Tower, it was found that the superstition which attributed the remarkable sweetness and purity of tone in certain old bells to the larger mixture of silver in their composition had no foundation in fact. It was the cunning proportion in which the ordinary metals were balanced against each other, the perfection of form, and the nice gradations of thickness that wrought the miracle. And it is precisely so with the language of poetry. The genius of the poet will tell him what word to use; and even then, unless the proportion and form, whether of parts or whole, be all that Art requires, and the most sensitive taste finds satisfaction in, he will have failed to make what shall have vibrated through all parts with a silvery unison — in other words, a poem.

The essay on Spenser, with the disquisition on the artificial style and inflated diction of the writers who had more immediately preceded him, illustrates Lowell's conscientious study of our literature. With all his sympathies for the divine and beautiful, he had the patience to sift whole bushels of chaff, and with all his wit he wearied himself over dull and pedantic conceits. The greater is the warmth of his gratitude to Edmund Spenser, who did more than any one to bring our poetry into harmony with nature, and to set an example of simple eloquence in natural expression. Yet he thinks that, had Sidney lived longer, he might have done even more than his friend to educate the taste and refine the vocabulary of his contemporaries and followers.

The better of his pastoral poems in the "Arcadia" are, in my judgment, more simple, more natural, and, above all, more pathetic than those of Spenser, who sometimes strains the shepherd's pipe with a blast that would better suit the trumpet. Sidney had the good sense to recognize that it was unsophisticated sentiment rather than rusticity of phrase that befitted such themes. He recognized the distinction between simplicity and vulgarity which Wordsworth was so long in finding out, and seems to have discerned the fact that there is but one kind of English that is always appropriate and never obsolete — namely, the very best.

Mr. Lowell's fastidiousness as to language as the vehicle of expression almost amounts to a mania; and when he follows

Spenser in his excursions through the Land of Faery, as he says himself, he is hurried irresistibly along by the smooth flow of the measure, and the musical felicity of the diction, as much as by the beauty and force of the similes and the mellow versatility of the pictures. The majority of even Spenser's more ardent admirers are less happily constituted, and would regard Mr. Lowell's praise as excessive. If they were to confess the truth, we fear they would have to avow that while they have lingered over those passages of an exquisite charm which impress themselves unconsciously on the memory, they have yawned over much vague and fine-drawn allegory, have skipped passages that are marred by Elizabethan affectations, and possibly have left whole pages unread.

The criticism on Professor Masson's "Life of Milton," being written by the author of the "Biglow Papers," with a pen dipped in gall, is capital reading. As we said, Mr. Lowell has no patience with those he considers as incompetent volunteers, who thrust themselves into the office of the priesthood and profane the sacred shrines. He is hard on Milton's conscientious and industrious biographer; but then he is singularly intolerant of prolixity, though perhaps he should have more fellow-feeling for discursiveness. But in his reverence for the great poets, what really irritates him is the familiarity with which Milton is treated. "Milton," he says, "is the last man to be slapped on the back with impunity." So Hosea Biglow makes wicked but delightful fun of passages which he picks out in profusion. And as two of a trade notoriously never agree, he resents Professor Masson's analysis of Milton's philology and his metre. There are exceptions to all rules, and "the necessities of metre need not be taken into account with a poet like Milton, who never was fairly in his element till he got off the soundings of prose, and felt the long swell of his verse under him like a steed that knows his rider." We agree with him that carplings over vowels and syllables are altogether out of place, when Satan is winging his dusky flight over Chaos, or when the rebel angels, driven back from their assault on heaven, lie prostrate and grovelling in the lake of fire. But the secret of all the critical bitterness is to be found in the statement that Mr. Masson's discussions of Milton's English are for the most part unsatisfactory to Mr. Lowell.

There is no more discriminating essay than that on "Dryden," though in a re-

action against Dryden's many detractors, it possibly does more than justice to his character, and is somewhat sophistical in its defence of his principles and political consistency. As a poet "Glorious John" is placed first in the second class; although probably Mr. Lowell may be of opinion that there are passages which would vindicate his pretensions to a higher rank. On the other hand, if he often sank far beneath himself, allowance must be made for his circumstances, in which the question of morality comes in. As laureate "to a ribald king and court," as political pamphleteer in poetry who had to earn his wage, he wrote to order and he wrote in fetters. His plays, in especial, are a strange medley of faults, beauties, and blemishes. Yet the scenes that are most conventional, and sometimes absurd, are illuminated by unexpected flashes of genius. Mr. Lowell is an excellent judge of satire, and he pronounces Dryden as a satirist, in some respects unrivalled. And although he had been envenomed by burning political controversy himself, he expresses approval of the satire of Dryden because it is free from malice and always good-natured. In fact, Dryden, who was a sensualist and *bon vivant*, and loved his ease, whether in the chair in the sunny balcony or in the warm chimney corner, had a great deal of the Gallo in him. He chanted triumphal odes and advocated creeds and political causes professionally; but personally he cared for little beyond a quiet life. He has said virtually, in his own essay on the subject, that the secret of effective satire is to keep the temper, and with his somewhat apathetic temperament he found it easy to practise what he taught. Virulent invective, he declares, comes easily to anybody; but nothing is more difficult than to make a man to seem knavish or foolish without the employment of abusive language. He said that he had formed his style on Tillotson's. Mr. Lowell remarks shrewdly that he seems rather to have got it at Wills's, for its charm is that it has the various freedom of talk. With regard to which we may add that, if Shakespeare had the good fortune to write in the golden prime of the English language, "Glorious John" was no less happy in being the king of the great literary coffee-house, and the unquestioned dictator of intellectual coteries. As he sat, laying down the law and listening to his courtiers in a gay, witty, and fashionable company, drawn together by the attractions of literature and the cost of fuel, to the last the veteran kept up a

course of training specially adapted to the development of his special powers.

We may presume that Mr. Lowell was proud of his serious poems, otherwise he would not have reprinted so many or so carefully collected fugitive and early pieces. But, to tell the truth, as a serious poet he has slight pretensions to immortality, although here and again with his profound feeling he strikes a singularly pathetic chord. His fame rests on his metrical satires, and the most telling of them can only be described as humorous doggerel. The "Fable for Critics" was a sparkling *jeu d'esprit*, dashed off, as he tells us, for his own amusement, and with no thought of publication. He was induced to print it by the urgent persuasions of a friend. Perhaps it would have been well for his peace of mind had he refused. Clever as it was, it was almost as little fitted for publicity as the unreserved self-confidences of a private journal. He criticised and satirized contemporaries and illustrious rivals with admirable terseness, felicity, and truth. Consequently, he cut sundry ties of friendship, and changed not a few kindly admirers into resentful enemies. Yet the temptation to publish was strong, for many of the touches are as discriminating as they are incisively telling. One of the best of the sketches is that of Bryant:—

as quiet, as cool, and as dignified,
As a smooth, silent iceberg that never is
ignified,
Save when by reflection 'tis kindled o' nights
With a semblance of flame by the chill North-
ern Lights.

Nor is that of Lowell himself the worst or the least candid:—

There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to
climb
With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with
rhyme,
He might get on alone, spite of brambles and
boulders,
But he can't with that bundle he has on his
shoulders,
The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh
reaching
Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing
and preaching.

He tells himself in the preface to the collected "Biglow Papers" how his success came as a surprise, and how he gradually awakened to the sense of unrealized responsibilities, which partly paralyzed him when he found he was wielding a weapon in place of trifling with a switch. In the introduction to the second series of the "Biglow Papers" he gives his own con-

ception of their scope and purpose. He feared to vulgarize deep and sound convictions, and found it was time to doff the cap and bells.

I needed, on occasion, to rise above the level of mere *patois*, and for this purpose conceived the Reverend Mr. Wilbur, who should express the more cautious element of the New England character and its pedantry, as Mr. Biglow should serve for its homely common sense, vivified and heated by conscience. The parson was to be the complement rather than the antithesis of his parishioner.

What was at once the strength and the weakness of the "Papers" was their intense earnestness. We have seen him quote with approval the rule laid down by Dryden that to be effective the satirist must keep his temper. Lowell brought so much passion to his work when he had realized its importance in political warfare, that he is sometimes hurried into excessive violence. The violence is not so much directed against persons as employed in the advocacy of sound principles carried to extremes. The man of the world becomes inconsistently impractical, and the Quaker hits out right and left. But though the critic of the collected satires detects these faults, they were admirably fitted to work upon an excited democracy. The typical man of peace at any price reads his New Testament literally. On his principles the Mexicans, instead of losing Texas, might have pushed their operations to the head waters of the Mississippi without any armed opposition from Uncle Sam.

Ez for war, I call it murder —
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furdur
Than my Testyment fer that;
God hez sed so plump and fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

And in one of Mr. Wilbur's numerous postscripts he goes the length of an absolute *reductio ad absurdum* in satirizing General Scott's claims to the presidency as having caused the destruction of more Mexicans than any other commander. We are not concerned now about the almost forgotten origin of the Mexican quarrel, for Lowell's argument is that war is invariably criminal. Yet, before he wrote the second series, after an interval of twenty years, the Secession had revolutionized his convictions. He had clung to the letter of the New Testament and strained it; now, in his patriotic and political fervor against the Southerners, he is breath-

ing threatenings and slaughter, and preaching extermination in the spirit of the Hebrew prophets. He has gone back to the Old Testament with a vengeance, and is bitterly indignant against English statesmen because, in a very modified form, they held to something like his earlier views. We have another proof of his unconsidered vehemence in his indulging through this second series, more or less, in the personalities which are the favorite weapons in American party strife. He pleads that, in order to point his satire, he must single out representative sinners for special flaying, although Dryden, to whose dictum he had assented, thought differently. In fact, he agrees with gruff old Johnson, who told Boswell it was a mistake in controversy to be respectful to your adversary, because that lent him dignity in the eyes of the looker-on.

It says much for Mr. Lowell's honorable candor that he reprints passages which are little to the credit of his prescience. He sneers amusingly enough at Calhoun for meeting abolitionist movements in Congress with the familiar scarecrow of a dissolution of the Union. He smiles at Calhoun's trying to anchor South Carolina to the shoals of the past with a pack-thread cable and a crooked pin. How little the loather of war can have foreseen the battlefields heaped with the dead and dying from Bull's Run to Manassas Junction! As little did he foresee the momentous social questions, waiting solution, when the emancipated blacks should multiply phenomenally in a congenial climate, threatening to swamp the flow of civilization in a counter-flood. But some of Mr. Wilbur's remarks on the slave scandal are irresistibly droll, as when the witty divine, who is saturated with Scripture, observes: "It was said of old time that riches have wings; and though this be not applicable in a literal strictness to the wealth of our patriarchal brethren of the South, yet it is clear that their possessions have legs, and an unaccountable propensity for using them in a northerly direction." Severe as he was on the Southerners, he nevertheless recognized that they were defending their property, taking their stand on their traditional prejudices, and fighting, in fact, for social existence. He reserved the full fury of his indignation for their allies in the North, who prostituted conscience to party, and held a blazing candle to Satan. He never wrote more scathing satires than those on time-serving editors and time-serving candidates. The letter from the candidate for the presidency to Mr.

Biglow might be commended to the perusal of the constituents of many gentlemen who, like the blind guided by the blind, follow the lead of Mr. Gladstone's obsequious lieutenants.

So, to begin at the beginnin'
An' come directly to the pint,
I think the country's underpinnin'
Is consid'ble out o' jint;
I ain't agoin' to try your patience
By tellin' who done this or thet,
I don't make no insinooations,
I jest let on I smell a rat.

Thet is, I mean, it seems to me so,
But, ef the public think I'm wrong,
I wun't deny but wut I be so, —
An', fact, it don't smell very strong.

Ez to the answerin' o' questions,
I'm an off ox at bein' druv,
Though I ain't one thet ary test shuns,
'll give our folks a helpin' shove;
Kind o' permiscoous I go it
Fer the holl country an' the ground
I take, ez nigh ez I can show it,
Is pooty gen'ally all round.

Of course the point of the letter is in the postscript, for corruption flourishes, like cotton in the Carolina swamps, under the enlightened constitution of the States. The commentary on the candidate's definite profession of faith is the conditional promise of an appointment to Jaalam lighthouse. As for Mr. Sawin's personal candidature for the White House, it is burlesque and extravaganza rather than satire; but there are delightful passages in it. He hits off to a hair the democratic weakness for a telling epithet, such as that which carried so many votes for "Old Hickory," and which, failing anything better, was contented to familiarize the adored President Lincoln as "Old Abe." Mr. Sawin, it will be remembered, came back from the Mexican campaign deplorably shattered in health and body and with but a single leg.

Then you can call me "Timbertoes," — thet's
wut the people likes;
Sutthin' combinin' morril truth with phrases
sech ez strikes;

"Old Timbertoes," you see, 's a creed it's
safe to be quite bold on,
There's nothin' in 't the other side can any
ways git hold on.

But, as nothing hits harder than exact though unwelcome truth, the most telling lines are those on the gradual conversion by circumstances of the smooth-tongued and plausible American "Whigs.

Truth is, the cutest leadin' Wigs, ever sence
fust they found
Wich side the bread gut buttered on, hev
kep' a edgin' round;
They kin' o' slipt the planks frum out th' ole
platform one by one,
An' made it gradooally noo, 'fore folks know'd
wut wuz done,
Till, fur'z I know, there ain't an inch thet I
could lay my han' on,
But I, or any Demmercrat, feels cumf'table
to stan' on,
An' ole Wig doctrines act'lly look, their
occ'pants bein' gone,
Lonesome ez staddles on a mash without no
hayricks on.

Mr. Sawin's Mexican experiences came as an unnecessary aggravation to the invincible difficulty of recruiting native Americans for foreign service. The pay has been raised since then; but Mr. Sawin, though his moral sense was undeveloped, felt that ninepence a day came low for murder. He was hurt to find that his officers ordered him about, in place of standing drinks in kindly good-fellowship or accepting them; and from his dreams of glory he awakened to learn that the glory "lodged" long before it got so low as the rank and file. In fact, it was his coming home a hopeless invalid and a cripple that induced him to turn his thoughts to politics and the presidency. His purse is low, but he feels it is an indispensable preliminary that he should become a slave-owner, even if he can only pick up a low-priced black baby. Such a species of slaveholding would be simply consistent with the other sham pretensions of every eligible candidate. And his chase of the runaway nigger in the bush, the capture of Pompey with his promising offspring — each child of them worth twenty dollars in the market — the turning of the tables and the captive's subsequent emancipation as being incorrigibly idle and not worth his keep — are all excellent fooling in broad comedy. All the better that here and there is a pretty touch of pathos.

An' wen he looked, I vow he groaned ez
though he'd broke his heart,
He done it like a w'ite man, too, ez nat'ral ez
a pictur'.

The second series of the "Papers," like almost all sequels, must be pronounced to be comparatively a failure. Mr. Lowell seems to acknowledge as much when he pleads that self-consciousness had been growing upon him, and that, having learned to write anonymously, he felt himself hampered at every turn. The writing is less spontaneous; indeed, it

reads like effort instead of play. His patriotism had been blown up to a white heat by the burning passions excited by the Civil War, and perhaps, as Englishmen, we are prejudiced against that series by the severity — and we may add the unfairness — of the attacks on England. We can understand that any Northern man should have keenly resented the assumed carelessness that permitted the escape of the Alabama and her consorts; or the unsympathetic haste with which one at least of the leading Liberal statesmen assumed the inevitable success of the Secession. But we should have believed that Mr. Lowell would have judged more dispassionately the action of our government in the matter of the Trent. Be that as it may, if a man of his intelligence was so perversely blinded by national prejudice, we can conceive and fathom the vehement feelings of his ignorant and infuriated countrymen.

It is pleasanter to turn to Mr. Sawin's grotesque and laughable experiences among the Southern slave-holders. Laughable to us, though not to him. But that ragged and absolutely unprejudiced philosopher had learned the art of putting the best face on things. If misfortune hits him hard, he knocks under and "hollers," and is content to bide his time. Probably he was conscious that neither his rags, his looks, nor his New England drawl were satisfactory vouchers to character. In the spirit of good-fellowship he drops into a tavern, where a gentleman, drawing a revolver, charges him with the theft of a missing nigger. As he is "all the stranger that's around," no time is allowed for setting up a defence of mistaken identity. It is a case of summary Jedwood justice. An infuriated grand jury sits on him after he has been tried, condemned, and punished. A general goes for a feather bed, and it is the judge who warms the tar. Tarred and feathered, he is ridden on a rail to the gaol, where he is to be entertained indefinitely at the cost of the community. Years roll by and his innocence is made clear. Nothing can be more gratifying than the honors paid to the innocent. A colonel offers to shoot him at sight, if he cares to take satisfaction in that shape, and promises, moreover, to give the black cause of the misunderstanding "a most h— fired licking," should he ever be caught. He has to pay a trifle for feathers and the tar, but no charge is made for the ride and the other fixings. For these descendants of English cavaliers look as closely to the cents and the dimes

as any Massachusetts peddler of wooden nutmegs. And after all the liquor has been chalked up to Mr. Sawin — it showed a childlike confidence if they hoped to be paid for it — they proceed to pass such a series of resolutions as may be found in the pages of "Martin Chuzzlewit." In fact, if we seek a lively picture of the peculiarities of Southern manners and "institutions," we should set a satirical Northerner to paint it, and *vice versa*.

We cannot dismiss the second series without noticing the prefatory disquisition on language. The defence of the New England dialects of the American is a masterly piece of learned philological work, redeemed from anything like dullness by perpetual flashes of humor. Mr. Lowell demonstrates that many of the words and expressions which we are accustomed to regard as vulgar colloquialisms are really good and pure old English. When Mr. Biglow seems most familiar and homely, he may be speaking Chaucer and Spenser. Yet it is precisely owing to our habitual association with the language of modern English culture that the defence, ingenious as it is, seems rather sophistical than satisfactory. We readily give in to such examples as "Fall" for the autumn; but in many cases corruption has evidently been at work, and has changed the character of some venerable phrase or word, as it has taken unfortunate liberties with the phonetic spelling. But nowhere does Mr. Lowell show more surprisingly the marvellous range of his miscellaneous reading, as well as the tenacity and method of an extraordinarily well-disciplined memory. If we doubted the continuity of life beyond the grave, we should find a strong argument for it in the difficulty of believing that such intellectual treasures as men like Lowell have been industriously accumulating should be wasted and dissipated at the touch of death.

He declared that he always hated politics, and the political addresses are, for the most part, but the formal expression in prose of the opinions broached far more effectively in his satires. The best worth reading is the address on "Democracy," when, in 1884, he spoke to a Birmingham audience in a tone which can hardly have failed to strike them by its novelty. It pleases him to describe "Democracy" as a topic of comparatively abstract interest, and he secures himself full latitude of demonstration by undertaking to generalize his remarks. He avows himself a Conservative by temperament and education. Conservative as he was, his speech

resolves itself into a defence of the material and social results of democratic expansion in the States. He had heard the ruin of Massachusetts confidently predicted by a sagacious political seer, when, in 1840, the property qualification for the suffrage was abolished. It was believed to have put public credit and private property alike at the mercy of penniless demagogues. Twenty years later he saw the Commonwealth making extraordinary efforts and sacrifices to keep faith with its creditors. He gives the explanation in characteristically homely form, with a reference to the familiar proverbial philosophy which was likely to recommend itself to his listeners. Of course, as he was talking of the State of Massachusetts, he has nothing to say of such scandals as those of the Tammany Ring. "The beggar is in the saddle at last," cries proverbial wisdom. "Why, in the name of all former experience, doesn't he ride to the devil? Because, in the very act of mounting, he ceased to be a beggar, and became part-owner of the piece of property he bestrides." As for the literary addresses, many of them are models in their way, for he spoke with the fluent eloquence of an American on subjects in which he was profoundly interested, and as to which he was exceptionally well informed. He was flattered by no ordinary compliments when asked to unveil in England the statues of Coleridge and of Fielding, and when he was invited to speak to the memory of his friend Dean Stanley at the commemorative meeting in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey.

We are inclined to associate Lowell with books and libraries, platforms and drawing-rooms,—and it is partly his own fault. We began with a brief notice of his "Moosehead Journal," but he has written far too little on rural subjects. Yet he tells us, in "My Garden Acquaintance," that he has lived all his life in the country, and almost in the same spot. With his light touch and his playful fancy he has made it perhaps the most attractive of his articles. He formed friendships with guests in fur and feathers almost as close as those of White of Selborne, whom he so dearly loves and genially ridicules.

Mr. White seems never to have had any harder work to do than to study the habits of his feathered fellow townfolk, or to watch the ripening of his peaches on the wall. He seems to have lived before the Fall. His volumes are the journal of Adam in Paradise,

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade. *

. . . No rumor of the revolt of the American colonies appears to have reached him. "The natural term of a hog's life" has more interest for him than the fall of an empire. Burgoyne may surrender and welcome; of what consequence is *that* compared with the fact that he can explain the odd tumbling of rooks in the air by their turning over to scratch themselves with one claw? . . . I believe he would gladly have consented to be eaten by a tiger or a crocodile if by that means the presence within the parish limits of either of those anthropophagous beasts could have been established. He brags of no fine society, but is plainly elated by "having considerable acquaintance with a tame barn owl."

And hear Mr. Lowell on the old Sussex tortoise and its biographer:—

It is clear White fell in love with it at first sight. We have no means of tracing the growth of his passion; but in 1780 we find him eloping with its object in a postchaise, and "the bustle and hurry of the journey so perfectly roused it that when I turned it out in a border it walked twice down to the bottom of my garden." It reads like a "Court Journal":—"Yesterday morning H.R.H. the Princess Alice took an airing on the terrace of Windsor Castle."

Going back across the Atlantic to Mr. Lowell's own garden and grounds in New England, we are reminded on each page of Sir Edward Hamley in "Our Poor Relations," with whom Hamley sympathizes so heartily. Like White or Hamley, we fancy Mr. Lowell must have found gardens and orchards a snare and a distraction. He would leave the Fathers, the classics, or his satires at any moment for the irresistible attraction of the scream of a blue jay or the melodious mimicry of the cat-bird. Like White, he made continual notes, or rather, as he modestly calls them, *mémoires pour servir*. Though devoted to his birds, he does not flatter them. He does not believe in their marvellous prescience as meteorologists. The migrants often make fatal mistakes in their faith in an ordinary procession of the seasons. But he likes them none the worse that they are no wiser than himself. The familiar robin seems to be his favorite. The American robin is sometimes in the habit of wintering abroad, or at least of betaking himself to the woods or forests, and so his appearance in the garden is welcomed as a presage of immediate spring. But if the thermometer should unexpectedly relapse below zero, the robin is not only content, but cheerful. He is given to gormandizing, or rather to gluttony, and so practical market gardeners consider him a pest. As for Lowell, who

is indifferent to dessert, he would rather sacrifice his raspberries than his robins. "He keeps a strict eye on your fruit, and knows to a shade of purple when your grapes have cooked long enough in the sun" Apropos to which, as Artemus Ward would have said, Lowell relates a little anecdote. There had been a protracted drought, and the robins had disappeared. He rather congratulated himself on the eclipse, for a cherished grape-vine, somewhat shy of bearing, had been covering itself with tempting clusters. He watched them anxiously, and waited for the perfection of the vintage.

But the robins somehow had kept note of them. They must have sent out spies, as did the Jews into the Promised Land, before I was stirring. When I went with my basket, at least a dozen of these winged vintagers bustled out from among the leaves, and alighting on the nearest trees, exchanged some remarks about me of a derogatory nature. They had fairly sacked the vine.

Then the cat-birds are as shy as the robins are the reverse. The cat-bird takes his tithes of the fruits, but he more than atones for his thefts by his minstrelsy. Even their rehearsals are pleasant, and their practice is melodious. "They differ greatly in vocal talent, but all have a delightful way of crooning over, and, as it were, rehearsing the song in an undertone." There is a tale of the blue jays which is good, and would seem still better, did we not remember Mark Twain's inimitable apologue of the consultations over the bottomless bole in his "Innocents Abroad." It is comical to hear of the crows being victims to the tender passion; and Mr. Lowell remarks that their persistent efforts to soften their croaking into sentiment and sighs remind him of a Mississippi boatman quoting Tennyson. Besides the cat-birds and the blue jays, the American gardens have sundry brilliant visitors, which are seldom or never seen in our islands. The orioles are flashing and flitting through the foliage, and swinging in hammocks slung to the pendulous boughs. Now and then the bobolink would appear, the most irrepressible of rapturous vocalists, and shaking surrounding creation like the corncrake, as he trills out his tenor-like solos from dawn till dusk. And on that rural concert we may let down the curtain. It is pleasant to think of the accomplished scholar, the satirist, and the diplomatist, in failing health and in the fall of life, still finding innocent enjoyment in the country where he was born, till death stole quietly upon

him like a thief in the night, and he was peacefully gathered to his Puritan forefathers.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

LADY KILLARNEY'S HUSBAND.

It was a fine afternoon in the beginning of July when Mr. Thomas Sidcup, strolling along Piccadilly, saw coming towards him, a short way off, his old friend and crony, Lord Killarney. The earl's clothes hung upon him loosely; his hat was placed rather far back on his head; he had a dejected and neglected air, as if he cared little now what happened to him.

"Hullo, Killarney! you don't seem particularly bright to-day," exclaimed Tom, as he shook hands with his friend.

"Yes — eh? No. Well; I dare say not," responded the earl, twisting his long grey moustache as he spoke.

"Anything happened?"

"Yes; something has happened," said his lordship, with a sickly smile.

"Somebody threatening to make you a bankrupt?"

"Not exactly. They know it would be of no use. Any little rent that comes in goes into the pockets of the lawyers and the mortgagees."

"What is it, then?"

"I'm going to be married."

Tom did not know whether congratulations or condolences would be more suitable, so he merely exclaimed, —

"You don't say so!"

"Yes. You see I have racing debts as well, and they *had* to be met. There was no way out of it."

"The lady has money, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. Plenty. Mrs. Poole is a widow. Her husband's firm was Jacobs and Poole, the bankers. She has a fine place in Yorkshire, and a house in town."

"Then you're in luck, old fellow, and I congratulate you," said Thomas Sidcup heartily. "You'll find you'll shake down together after a bit. Half the year you will do the magnate down in Yorkshire; and we shall have some capital shooting. Then for the season you will be in London. What more can you desire?"

The earl was not unwilling to be encouraged in his desperate enterprise; yet a foreboding filled his heart, as, bidding his friend good-day, he walked away, meditating on the face and form, the carriage and deportment, of Mrs. Joseph Poole.

The wedding took place before the end of the season, and it was not until March that the earl and his countess came back to town. One day in April Sidcup met him in the Haymarket.

"How well you are looking!" was Tom's greeting.

"Well? Yes. I believe I'm getting stout, if you call that looking well."

"Anything wrong, then?"

"Everything's wrong, Tom; I give you my word I'm the most miserable beggar on earth. I wish I were that crossing-sweeper. I wish I were dead!"

"Don't, Killarney. Don't give in like that," said his friend in a soothing tone.

"Her ladyship's out to-night, going to a big missionary meeting," said the peer, as a sudden idea occurred to him. "Come and dine with me, and I'll tell you all about it. She is going to stay with some of her friends — won't be back till to-morrow."

Tom accepted the invitation, and at half past seven that evening he entered Lady Killarney's house in Park Lane. The dining-room, the dinner, the host and the servants, were alike solemn and dreary. Killarney, however, brightened up under the influence of a few glasses of old port, and when the servants had retired he began to relate his trials and grievances.

"The fact is, old man," said he, "I can't call my soul my own. You know I've no money. She holds the reins, and gives me a sovereign now and again, as if I were a schoolboy."

"Good gracious!"

"I would have asked you to dine at the club instead of in this mausoleum of a place, but I haven't been able to pay my subscription. She has got to be very religious of late, and fills the house with Low Church parsons and Dissenting ministers, and they go on in a way that's enough to drive a fellow mad. As for Sundays, they are too horrible to speak of. No dinner — only cold beef and tea, upon my sacred word of honor. No smoking allowed indoors — oh, it doesn't matter for to-night. The smell will be gone by to-morrow."

"Lady Killarney keeps a very good table," said Sidcup, anxious to mention one alleviating circumstance.

"Ugh! Eating and drinking isn't everything. And within the last few weeks her ladyship has taken to — you won't guess? — teetotalism! Isn't it awful?"

A look of pain and disgust overspread the earl's still handsome face, and was reflected in that of his friend.

"She gives away tracts, addresses meet-

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"And that fellow," continued the earl, nodding his head towards the butler's pantry, "has private directions not to do what I tell him, if it is against his mistress's orders."

"Monstrous! I wouldn't stand it, Killarney. I'd bolt!"

"Bolt? Without a ten-pound note in the world? No; she has me tight enough;" and the unhappy earl groaned aloud.

At that moment the dining-room door was thrown wide open, and a majestic figure, clothed in silk and fur, made its appearance.

"Algernon!"

The fumes of the cigars almost choked her ladyship's utterance.

"This is disgraceful," said Lady Killarney, as she slowly advanced to the table. "Turning my dining-room, the dining-room of a Christian woman, into a tap-room!"

"Pooh, my dear," said the nominal head of the establishment, determining to brave it out before his friend, "it's only a cigar. We wouldn't have smoked if I had known you would be home to-night. Let me introduce to you my old friend Sidcup — Mr. Sidcup, Lady Killarney."

"I shall speak with you to-morrow, Algernon. Good-evening, sir;" and Lady Killarney swept out of the room, ignoring altogether the attempted introduction, and addressing her last words to a vacant spot about six inches above Mr. Sidcup's head.

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The earl shook his head.

"I've no doubt you'll do your best; but — you don't know Lady Killarney."

"Never mind. *I'll do it*, on condition that for the next two months you follow all my directions. You promise that? Very good. In less than a fortnight you and I set out for Killarney."

A bright May morning makes even the Strand look cheerful; and on this particular forenoon that thoroughfare was even

more crowded than usual; for the May meetings were in full swing. The entrance to Exeter Hall was blocked by a large crowd of well-dressed people—country parsons and their wives and daughters, wealthy retired tradesmen, rich old ladies, and a sprinkling of good young men. It was the field-day of the United Kingdom Temperance Alliance; and the announcement that, in addition to a colonial bishop, the meeting would be addressed by the Countess of Killarney, had attracted a great assemblage.

At the door of the hall were three or four young men who were busily engaged in distributing leaflets among the people who entered the building; and the good folk not only accepted the little papers (as the frequenters of Exeter Hall invariably do on such occasions), but carried them inside, that they might look them over when comfortably seated. Among the arrivals was the Countess of Killarney. She, too, received a leaflet; she, too, carried it with her into the hall.

The cheers that greeted the countess had hardly died away, when the illustrious convert to the temperance cause, taking her seat on the platform beside the colonial bishop, glanced at the tastefully got-up circular in her hand. It was not a new tract, nor a notice of a sermon, nor an advertisement of a charitable society. It was headed with the Killarney arms, and ran thus:—

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She was received with all imaginable politeness, even with deference. She was not, of course, aware that her erring spouse was stationed in a large closet opening off Mr. Sidcup's room, in which the company washed its hands at the close of its day's labors.

Without deigning to utter a word in reply to Mr. Sidcup's greeting, the injured woman marched up to his table, placed the obnoxious circular on his desk, laid a manly forefinger on the paper, and looked the evil-doer in the face. He merely smiled in return.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" demanded the lady, in awe-inspiring tones.

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"Mr. Sidcup, this must be stopped," said her ladyship firmly.

"I am afraid I hardly understand. *What* must be stopped?"

"This thrice accursed ——"

"Your ladyship will excuse me—James," he said to a clerk, who was pottering about the room, "leave those letter-books alone, retire, and close the door behind you. We must be careful, Lady Killarney. The use of—ahem!—profane language is *strictly* forbidden in the office; and *the example*, your ladyship understands, *the example* is most contagious."

"Sir!"

Even the hardened Thomas Sidcup quailed for a moment beneath that eye. For the first time he fairly realized the position of his friend, Lord Killarney.

"I said that *accursed* traffic, sir. A traffic which ruins men, body and soul." (This time Mr. Sidcup let the word pass without remark.) "And I say it must be stopped. The company must be dissolved."

"What! dissolve Lord Killarney & Company! The most flourishing concern in the market—shares rising every day—a fortune to be made in it—never!"

"If Lord Killarney had wanted money he could have come to *me* for it," said the lady loftily.

"Perhaps he didn't like to trouble your ladyship; and, at any rate, that resource was denied to me," said old Tom, with his sweetest smile.

"What do you want for your shares?" asked the countess abruptly.

"Do you mean them all?"

"Every one."

"Forty thousand pounds," said Tom promptly.

"Forty thousand fiddlesticks!"

"Pardon me, Lady Killarney, I did not offer the shares to you. The company is a genuine, working concern, brewing its own whiskey on your husband's estates in Ireland." (He did not think it worth while to mention that the "distilleries" consisted of three stills, two of them, until lately, illicit, the third barely finding employment for one man and a boy.) "We don't interfere with anybody; and we——"

"Didn't you interfere with my meeting, yesterday?" asked the countess.

"I! How? What meeting? I'm afraid I hardly comprehend," said Mr. Sidcup.

"Well; never mind. But forty thousand pounds is out of the question. Seven thousand would be too much."

"Indeed, madam, you are mistaken," said Tom earnestly.

"I will not submit to such robbery. I will consult my solicitor," said Lady Killarney, rising and shaking out her ample skirts as she spoke.

"Of course you can do that, Lady Killarney. I think you will find, however, that even since the passing of the Married Women's Property Act, a husband is entitled to hold shares apart from his wife, exactly as if he were unmarried," said Tom, with perfect gravity.

"Then, sir, it is a most infamous law, and it ought to be altered at once."

Tom only bowed.

"I cannot endure that this should go on," said the countess after a pause.

"The scandal of the inconsistency would be too notorious. No; my work would be spoiled. It would be said—— Oh, good heavens! the world would say that my horses and carriages—the very dress on my back, were paid for out of the proceeds of this ac——, this abominable trade, all the time that I was denouncing it!"

"I confess that people might, and probably would, put some such construction upon the facts."

"That would be absolutely intolerable!"

Tom shook his head in melancholy fashion.

"Can't you suggest something?" asked the countess, after another pause.

"Well; if I might give a hint, I should say—come to terms with Lord Killarney. He is our largest shareholder—three thousand ten-pound shares."

"How much paid up on them?"

"Admirable woman!" murmured Tom Sidcup to himself. Then aloud: "All issued as fully paid up—the price of the land, the name (great thing that), the distilleries, the good-will, and so on. I'll show you the deeds in a moment."

Lady Killarney inspected the deeds with the greatest care, and she was quite enough of a lawyer to know what they meant. They showed that in consideration of a sum of five thousand pounds in cash, and thirty thousand pounds in three thousand shares of ten pounds each, he the said grantor did thereby grant, assign, and convey, all that, etc. Lady Killarney had a vague feeling that she was being swindled; but how she could not clearly see.

"If your ladyship would take my advice," said Tom, when the deeds had been duly perused, "I would not pay all that money down. Make an agreement to pay your husband an annuity—say fifteen

hundred a year—in lieu of the money for the shares. Then it will be really taking money out of one pocket and putting it into the other.”

Lady Killarney could not quite see things in that light; but she thought the idea of an annuity a decidedly good one. The other shareholders, Tom thought, could be bought up privately, one by one, after she had possessed herself of Lord Killarney's interest in the undertaking.

“And remember, Lady Killarney, you must have it a condition of the bond upon which the annuity will be secured, that at no time, and under no circumstances, must your husband take part in the manufacture or sale of spirituous or malt liquors, or permit his name to be used by any person or any company manufacturing or vending them, else the bond is to become void and the annuity is to cease.”

Lady Killarney was reassured by this disinterested advice; and after she and Mr. Sidcup had settled one or two other details of the scheme, she left the office in a comparatively calm frame of mind.

“Tom,” said the earl, emerging from the closet, “you have saved me!”

After a few more interviews between Lady Killarney and Sidcup—who actually began to be a bit of a favorite with her ladyship before the end of the negotiations—the matter was settled; the annuity deed, securing to the earl twelve hundred a year for life, was duly signed, sealed, and delivered, and “Lord Killarney & Co., Limited,” ceased to exist.

A week after his emancipation, the earl entertained his friend at Richmond, and presented him with a gold cigar case “in token of the grateful friendship of Algeron Cyril, Earl of Killarney.” Curiously enough, that very evening a large parcel was delivered at Sidcup's chambers. It contained an enormous time-piece, bearing an inscription: “From Rebecca Anne, Countess of Killarney, in acknowledgment of the disinterested kindness of her friend, Thomas Sidcup, Esq.” Tom promptly removed the inscription-bearing plate, and sent the thing to a pawnshop.

Mr. Sidcup had foreseen that the surest way of securing peace between the ill-matched pair was to render them independent of each other, and make no provision about separation. By degrees they learned to make allowances for each other's tastes; and Lord Killarney played the host for his wife's parsons and temperance orators, on the tacit understanding that for the autumn and winter months the house in Yorkshire would be kept up for

his undisturbed occupation. The earl took his wife about to drawing-room meetings and “conferences,” and even consented once or twice to preside at these gatherings; while she tolerated the smell of cigars, and never inquired at what hour his lordship got home from his club. Altogether, there are many couples in England who do not get on together nearly as well as Lady Killarney and her husband.

From Murray's Magazine.

THE GRAND LAMA OF TIBET.

OUR recent negotiations with China concerning the difficulties in Sikkim, wherein we dealt with the Celestials as though they were the arbiters of the destinies of Tibet, have aroused, it would seem, the patriotism of the inhabitants of that snowy land. The suzerainty of the emperor of China over Tibet has never been formally conceded by the latter country, but the protection and patronage of that monarch were tacitly submitted to, so long as the autonomy of the Tibetan government was officially acknowledged. Of late, however, more open control had been attempted, and it now would appear that the undisguised arrangement of Tibetan affairs at Calcutta by a Chinese ambassador with an English viceroy—when it came to be fully understood in Tibet—has brought the covert enmity to an overt declaration. Private intelligence, distilled over the Himalayan passes, reported recently that the Chinese envoy on his journey back from the Indian frontier to Lhasá had been murdered. This statement afterwards proved untrue. Nevertheless, it is credibly asserted that the lamas near the capital of Tibet are indeed banding themselves in factions to resist the encroachments of China, and have been endeavoring to incite their ruler, the grand lama, to arouse himself in real manly fashion by expelling the Chinese legates from Lhasá. That the young ecclesiastical monarch should take any such step at present would, however, be extremely unlikely. His youthful age and the circumstances of his local surroundings both negative at least the advisability of any overt action on his part. He has only just entered his seventeenth year of age, and he is hopelessly fettered, under existing conditions, by his mode of residence. Imprisoned, as it were, in the Red Palace, in the heart of the labyrinth of buildings on the Potala Hill, his most

trivial movements the special charge of functionaries reputed to be in every instance in the private pay of the Chinese emperor—thus situated, communication between his Holiness and the intriguers outside, would indeed bring his life to a crisis. It is an ominous fact, not to be forgotten, that the present Dalai Lama is the seventh who has ascended the throne of Tibet since the commencement of the current century, yet not one of these has ever attained his twentieth year! But something under this head will be said more plainly later.

On the other hand, there certainly exist at present several circumstances which open out a favorable prospect to the National Party in Tibet. First, the people of the country are thoroughly stirred against the pretensions of China to hold the reins of government. More important still, the young ruler now growing up seems, from the reports of such of our native survey spies as have reached Lhasá, to have developed, notwithstanding his peculiar training, a mental intelligence unusually robust, and such as was wanting to most of his unfortunate predecessors of the present century. Moreover, what is of equal value, he seems to have been also endowed with health and physical strength beyond the average attained by previous grand lamas. Consequently should he be fortunate enough to survive to the age of eighteen, when he is entitled to take over temporal charge of Tibet from the regent (in addition to his spiritual jurisdiction), the National Party might reasonably expect a capable and even formidable leader. But to understand the possible situation, the position which such a leader would occupy must be realized. However daringly corrupt the regent and the personal attendants of the grand lama may be; nevertheless, by the bulk of the inhabitants of Tibet, by the Mongol hordes of Kho-kho Nur and Chinese Tartary, by the Kalmuks and Buriats of Asiatic Russia, it must be remembered this sacred youth is regarded as a deity above all other gods. All these, devout and eager Buddhists to a man, would feel compelled at a call from the supreme head of their faith to rush forth to a religious war. The Dalai Lama, the vicegerent of Buddha upon earth, menaced by the foreigner and his life in danger, would, indeed, be a magic battle-cry. Unorthodox and little touched by their professed religion though the two hundred and twelve millions of Chinese Buddhists *

may be in ordinary life, we doubt if even they would dare to take up arms with any warmth against the acknowledged pope of the whole body of northern Buddhists. However, the issue of grand lama *versus* Chinese emperor is one which has never yet been placed before the devoted adherents of Lamaism in Tibet and Mongolia; but few, entitled to an opinion on the subject, can doubt that such an issue is imminent. The excesses recently perpetrated by Chinamen in the former country have produced a crisis which only awaits the advent of an orthodox champion for the opening of a bloody crusade. One can well imagine, moreover, that the Celestial would make but a sorry fighter as an invading enemy, amid the snows and defiles of Tibet. His position in Tibet is very different from what it is in Yarkand. It is not, perhaps, generally known that the normal strength of Chinese troops quartered in the land of the lamas is only eight hundred.

With prospects such as these, to which we have tried to give their full value, it may be useful in view of impending complications to make clear to European readers who and what the supposed hero of the possible struggle really is. In other words, it will be interesting to many to have here set forth all that recent research has brought to light concerning the person, position, and powers of the Buddhist hierarch, the grand lama of Lhasá. Nearly all the accounts hitherto written are full of errors, being mostly derived either from Chinese sources, or from the confused ideas which the Tibetans of the Himalayas have been only able to furnish. Whereas the facts which follow are those which have been communicated direct from the sacred city itself.

And first as to the extent of the grand lama's kingdom. Roughly speaking, it comprises the entire territory lying between the Kiun-lün Mountains to the north, and the Himalayas to the south, and therefore averaging some six hundred and fifty miles in depth; and stretching, west and east, from Ladak on the Kashmir border, to the confines of Yunnan and Szechuen in China, a distance of fourteen hundred and seventy miles. An extraordinary elevated plain, styled Jang-t'ang, occupies the whole northern portion of this territory, at the foot of the Kiun-lün Mountains, extending in a broad band the entire length from west to east, varying in

* This number is a liberal estimate of the Buddhist

population of China; but see Sir Monier Williams's able strictures on the exaggerated statistics of Buddhism.

width from four hundred to three hundred miles. Its elevation is between sixteen and seventeen thousand feet throughout; its human inhabitants nomadic and sparse; but the plain in parts swarms to a degree simply amazing, with innumerable head of big game, comprising wild yak, wild asses, the monster sheep — *Ovis Ammon* and *Ovis Poli* — possibly the wild camel, and several varieties of deer, which all live on the rich verdure prevailing even at so great a height above sea-level. Omitting the Jang-t'ang, the remainder of Tibet to the south and south-east is loosely partitioned into five huge provinces: Ngari Khorsum, Tsang, U (the metropolitan province), Khams, and Amdo, together with two or three outlying chieftaincies on the Assamese border. All these parts are packed with mountain ranges, flung together in inextricable confusion, and rent by gorges and river-courses in every direction. In the west chiefly, though more or less throughout, vast salt-lakes, curious by reason of their remarkable elevation, lie in the hollows of this uplifted land. With the exception of Ngari Khorsum, these provinces seem to be well populated. So much for the grand lama's temporal demesne. His spiritual jurisdiction, as we have already hinted, extends into Siberia, whilst at Peking and in all large towns of western China are lamaseries owing allegiance to his sway.

About two thousand years ago, soon after the absorption of the last human Buddha, Shakya-t'ubpa, into the realms of Nirvana, a curious process occurred in that washless and transcendent ocean of nothingness and silence. The essence of Shakya-t'ubpa's spirit present in Nirvana, together with the sublimated essences of what had once been the souls of the four human Buddhas who immediately preceded him on earth, concentrated themselves into a single ray of white incandescent light. This ineffable ray shot forth from the region of Nirvana and entered the realms of Dewachen, the Buddhist heaven where saints assemble previous to absorption. Arrived there, it was disintegrated, as by a prism, into its five component elements, which were forthwith re-created into five different celestial Buddhas, each of them correspondent respectively to the five human Buddhas dissolved in Nirvana, whence the beam of light had sprung. These new and celestial Buddhas have ever since then existed in Dewachen, being known as the Dhyani Buddhas, and have manifested the liveliest interest in the affairs

of our earth, an interest which Shakyamuni and the other human Buddhas, reduced to impalpableness in the void of that which no longer is, could never be expected to take.* However, that this interest might be brought into active operation on the world, the eldest of the five, Kuntuzangpo, devised an efficient scheme. He caused to be evolved from himself, and from each of his four coadjutors, five lesser celestial beings, known as Dhyani Bodhisattwas. Each one of these was deputed to act as vicegerent to the respective Dhyani Buddha to whom he was correspondent, and distinct regions of the heavens and of the earth were allotted to them in which to work. Their special duties were to promote the spread of Buddhism, and to help forward individuals inhabiting their own territory in the effort to attain Nirvana. Each Bodhisattwa, in order to bring his powers to bear practically, has thenceforth become incarnate upon earth in a continuous chain in the souls of persons successively occupying some particular office of dignity within the Bodhisattwa's jurisdiction. Thus every holder of the favored position has been animated by the spirit of one of those powerful creatures, and has been indeed the human embodiment of him; and on his transmigration from the world, the sacred *tulwa* or psychic essence has passed to a newborn infant, who must be sought out by prescribed methods and constituted his successor.

This necessary explanation will now serve to make clear who the grand lama of Lhasá is. The Dhyani Bodhisattwa Sgyan-ras-gzigs, "The Serer clad in a garment of Eyes," is the being who has taken Tibet under his especial protection. He performs this duty by continuous reappearances or re-births upon earth in the shape of the respective grand lamas who succeed one after another to the throne of Tibet. The sovereign hierarch of Tibet is an incarnation or human embodiment, therefore, of the Bodhisattwa Sgyan-ras-gzigs (pronounced according to the strange Tibetan orthoëpy "Chenraisi") and not, as is commonly supposed, of Buddha.

The first monarch of the country to be so animated was King Srong-tsan Gampo, who in the seventh century A.D. introduced Buddhist teachers into the land. Chenraisi, the benevolent Bodhisattwa, who is supposed to have eleven faces and one thousand arms, is after all none other than

* Great saints whilst on earth have likewise the celestial emanations, counterparts of themselves, existing in Dewachen.

the Sanskrit Avalokiteswara, the lotus-born, who is so popular a deity among Japanese Buddhists of the Shigon sect.

When the grand lama of Lhásá quits this world—a pretty frequent event, as we have seen, during the present century—the difficulty is to discover his rightful successor. The problem to solve is to find the particular infant into whom the spirit of the late grand lama has passed. At death, the soul does not at once enter a fresh body. For a short time, never less than forty-nine days, it endures a ghostly existence known as the *bar-do*, being at length re-embodied as some newly born creature, fish, flesh, fowl, or demon. After the prescribed period, then, the soul of the defunct grand lama—the *tulwa* of Chenraisi—must have appeared somewhere in the world, and, in his case, in human shape. In order to ascertain the identity of the infant thus inhabited and destined for the monarchy of Tibet, a certain oracle has to be consulted. Three miles to the west of Lhásá is to be found a small and very ancient temple, situated in the midst of a beautiful grove. This temple is the celebrated Na-chhung Chhoikyong, the home of the most infallible oracle in the whole of Tibet. Here, on a set occasion, do the great State officers of the kingdom assemble to listen to the hermit within the shrine prognosticating the signs and occurrences which, *conjoined*, will mark out (1) the locality, and (2) the particular babe, where and in whom the coming incarnation should be sought. These prognostics are extensively advertised, and many are the parents who claim to have beheld in their new-born offspring the characteristics of the next spiritual sovereign of Buddhism and temporal ruler of Tibet. The meteorological omens at the time of birth, the locality, and the personal marks on the child's body must, however, all coincide with the forecast, and numerous candidates appear, only to be disappointed. Usually, it is asserted, the veritable Simon Pure is discovered by accident, and so many are the points which must conspire to prove his identity that, it is said, when once fairly found, so exactly does every foretold circumstance fall into its place, there is never the least reason to doubt that the real individual has been discovered. But the remarkable fact which deserves to be noticed is this. The humblest and poorest couple in the Tibetan dominions may thus suddenly find themselves elevated into the proudest position, as parents of the king of their country and of the central object of wor-

ship throughout northern Asia. Tibet is the true republic! All have there a chance. The lowest may become the sovereign of the land, and even prime deity.

During the first four years of his career, the newly identified grand lama, who is generally about one year old when "discovered," is permitted to live with his parents. He is placed with them in a palace known as the Ri-gyal P'o-dang, a few miles to the east of Lhásá. There a petty state is at once commenced and maintained. Particular rules are, moreover, observed in the suckling of the precious babe, as well as in his general treatment and deportment. Poor child, his earliest education is allowed to take but one bent. Long lists of Sanskrit syllables are the first sounds his infant lips—or rather his infant throat, for he must frame them deep from the throat—are taught to utter. The present grand lama of Tibet is alleged to have committed to memory and to have been capable of reproducing, before he had completed his fourth year, many pages both of the Tibetan classic, the "Sher Chhyin," and of Tsong-khapa's ritual work, the "Lam Rim Chhenpo."

At the age of five or younger, the sacred boy is brought with much ceremony to his permanent residence, the Red Palace on Potala Hill, within the confines of the city of Lhásá; and now he is separated from his mother, who is installed in a handsome residence of her own, and is only permitted occasional stated visits to her royal son. Austerities, too, are commenced; severe ones, it is said. In two years' time, as it seems, the seven-year-old child must be fully prepared to take upon himself the complete vows of a Gelong or monk of the strictest rule, and be duly installed as head of the Nam-gyal Monastery on Potala Hill, as well as abbot of the great Daipung Ling of seven thousand lamas, situated three miles north-west of Lhásá.

When thus completely matured in the ecclesiastical sense, the child obtains perfect religious supremacy over all Buddhists of the Northern cult. The only votaries of the faith who do not directly look to him as the head of their religion are the Buddhists of Burmah, Ceylon, Siam, Kambodia, and Japan. He is the pope of the Chinese Buddhists, though their allegiance is decidedly nominal and entirely directed by imperial mandate, and in a very thorough sense of the Buddhists of Tibet, Mongolia, and Siberia, and even of the Kalmuks in the Volga provinces of European Russia. We have styled this

ineffable being the "grand lama;" but that term is a mere European coinage. The Mongols call him the Dalai or Talai Lama, meaning the "ocean lama." This is an adaptation of the Tibetan appellation for his Holiness, which is *Gya-tso Rim-pochhe*, the "most precious ocean," a title doubtless bearing reference to the universality of his wisdom and influence. *Gya-tso Rim-pochhe*, and likewise, *Gyal-wa Rim-pochhe* ("the most precious victor"), are therefore the real designations of him whom we are wont to style "grand lama," — a name which, for convenience, may be still used. Other honorific titles bestowed in addressing him are the "blessed eleven-faced one," the Lord Chenraisi, and the viceroy of Buddha upon earth. Moreover, in general conversation, he is familiarly spoken of as *Kyap-gön*, "the protector."

Although forthwith endowed with this full spiritual jurisdiction, the reins of temporal government are not yet placed in the young hierarch's hands. Separated from his parents, he now finds himself under the supervision and protection of the man who is practically king of Tibet, the desi or regent; as a matter of fact, for the past eighty years, the country has known no other kings except the regents; for, during the whole of that period, not one of the orthodox monarchs has reached — or, rather, has been permitted to reach — the age for assuming the temporal sceptre.

But this mention of the regent brings us conveniently to an important part of our subject, namely, the actual government of the country. Theoretically, Tibet is by her constitution independent of China. The two representatives of the emperor of China, the Ampans, together with the Chinese troops, are supposed to be present in the capital, not as symbolic of the emperor's suzerainty, but as indicative of his reverence for the spiritual head of the Church. Some two hundred and fifty years ago the grand lama's authority was much encroached upon by the Panchhen Rim-pochhe of Tashi-lhümpo, who still exercises a semi-independent rule in the province of Tsang. In 1640, the Mongol chief Gusri subdued Tsang and presented that province to the grand lama; and thereafter, in view of possible rebellion on the part of unruly subjects, troops first from Mongolia, and subsequently from China, were quartered in Lhasá for his protection. Gradual encroachment, however, has been the policy of China; and during the current century the Ampans have insinuated into their presence a real power and influence which, though unac-

knowledgeed officially, is none the less tacitly yielded to. This pulling of the wires is accomplished through the regent, the *de facto* king of Tibet, who, though always a Tibetan, by an alternation of bribes and of threats, becomes too often the mere creature of Chinese policy.

The regent, accordingly, is now — during the minority of the grand lama — at the head of affairs in Tibet. This high functionary is chosen by the Privy Council of Lhasá, which is supposed to select for the office one of the abbots of the four lings, or chief monastic establishments, of the capital; nevertheless, in recent times, the council has appointed others than those to the regency. Thus, twenty years ago, we find the head of the famous Galdan Monastery in office. But in the last two appointments the old practice has been reverted to, and the present holder of the reins of government is Tá-tsag Rim-pochhe, the abbot of Kundu Ling. He is assisted in the cares of the kingdom by the five members of the Tibetan Privy Council or Ká-shags Lhen-gyas, to whom all important questions of statecraft are submitted. However, this chamber has no legislative work to carry out. It is a fundamental maxim of the Tibetan Constitution that no new laws are ever to be made. The sole business of government, it is asserted, is to find out what *are* the old laws of Tibet, as set forth in ancient writings; and to show at once its virtue and ability, the more closely it can apply these to the present condition of affairs. Judicial as well as executive administration occupies the Kálöns or members of council; and, as the final appellate judges of the realm, they review the decisions of the Jong-pöns who mete out justice in the provinces. One wholesome rule, in a priest-ridden country such as Tibet, is that four out of this council of five must be laymen. The fifth member, an illustrious personage, known as the Chyi-khyab Khempo, is always an ecclesiastic and head of the Meru Ták Monastery in Lhasá; but the four others, the Kálöns, are usually retired generals of the Tibetan army, men of doughty deeds and good family. Over this council, then, the desi or regent presides, and at the back of the president — though ostensibly far away in their Embassy House outside the walls of the city — are the two crafty Chinese Ampans, quietly working the strings that the figures, who seem to the Tibetans to be managing affairs so independently, may leap to the tune of their imperial master. However, we have been assured by those

who ought to know that the Kälöns are not always so docile as the Chinamen could desire; and that, moreover, impatience of this unwarrantable sort of dictation has been the characteristic feature of the proceedings of the Tibetan Cabinet of late.

During the major portion of his short life, the Gya ts'o Rimpochhe dwells on Potala Hill. About a mile distant from his official residence, and outside the southwestern bounds of the city, is another palace known as the Grove of Jewels, whither he is conveyed in the depths of winter, when the cruel icy winds render his usual dwelling-place on the top of a hill unbearable even to a Tibetan. However, the labyrinth of buildings piled upon this three-peaked hill constitutes his real home.

Potala, precipitous in many places, rises within the confines of the outer city of Lhasá in the north-western quarter. It is heaped up in the most fantastic style with halls and storied temples and monster tombs; but, on looking up from the foot of these heights, the whole series seems conjoined into one vast structure, surmounted by five gold-plated rectangular domes of great size. The chief erection is the P'o-dang Marpo, or Red Palace, a building carried up to the height of eleven stories, and which is ascended from story to story by means of wooden ladders with broad but difficult steps. This is the central edifice round which the others climb and cluster. The lower stories are built against the sheer face of the acclivity. After passing up a steep pathavenued by trees, you arrive at the principal or eastern doorway of the whole establishment. Here, first, is a long hall, up which you may ride on pony-back if you choose. The hall is garnished on either hand by long rows of massive prayer-cylinders which, placed like barrels on end on well-oiled pivots, can be easily made to revolve with a touch as you pass along. Each barrel has within it, wound compactly on the iron axle passing from top to bottom, innumerable lengths of paper, on which has been stamped many thousands of times the well-known formula *Om Mani Padme Hum* — the special invocation to the Bodhisattwa Chenraisi, and therefore to the grand lama who visibly impersonates him. At the end of the hall are broad stone steps which mount to a paved landing where stands an obelisk. You are now again in the open air; and two long flights of steps, hemmed in by the outer walls of other buildings, ascend up the

face of the hill to the ground floor of the Red Palace. Thence the ladder-climbing commences. Five long ladders, one after the other, have to be scaled, passing up and up through dark and mysterious vaults — really vestibules to the neighboring buildings — some with weird-looking passages conducting who shall know whither? At the top of the fifth ladder things seem brighter, since now you enter the more habitable portion of the palace, comprising suites of rooms, set above set. On this floor, in an adjoining apartment, are the lower limbs of an elephantine image of Jham-pa, the Buddha-to-come. He is seated on a platform in this room, and his figure is of such colossal proportions that it passes up through the floors of the two other stories above this one. Altogether the image is said to be about seventy feet high. When you have reached the third floor of the upper portion of the palace, you may walk round and gaze upon the monster head and shoulders of this gilded Buddha. All orthodox visitors on their way up perform solemn circumambulation round the legs, the body, and the shoulders, respectively, once on each of the three floors through which the effigy has been reared. Above the head of this Jham-pa — who, by the way, answers to the Indian Maitreya — you pass forth into the corridors and halls which crown the summit of Potala. Here, in cloistered arcades, you obtain striking views of Lhasá and the surrounding country. To the rear of the large reception-hall — where you have now arrived — are seen the huge gilt *gan-jira* or finials of the tombs within which have been laid the mortal remains of defunct grand lamas.

But, behold the audience-chamber of the still-living successor of those sad-lived and prematurely-cut-off boy-sovereigns! You are summoned to pass inside the august hall of state. With awesome feelings you find yourself in a lengthy apartment, the roof of which is supported by rows of wooden pillars. The panelled divisions of the walls on either side display paintings descriptive of scenes in Chenraisi's past career. Here are also ranged statues of the grand lamas of the present dynasty. The upper end of the hall is adorned with rich tapestries and with some magnificent hangings of satin draped in the form of a cylinder to represent the *gyal-ts'an* or Buddhist flag of victory. In the centre of the chamber rises an elevated divan, with a sort of reredos behind it tastefully painted in the Chinese style, and supported right royally

beneath by a row of carved wooden lions. That is the throne altar of the grand lama of all Tibet.

But to obtain an interview with his Holiness the Kyapgön is a matter of some difficulty. However, let it be supposed that you are fortunate enough to be admitted to the presence. You are seated on rugs spread in about eight rows, not directly in front but rather to the left of the throne. When you are seated, there is perfect silence in the hall. The state officers walk to and fro before the throne with the serenest gravity as becomes their exalted rank. Of these, the leader seems to be the Kuchar Khanpo, or "doctor of the holy rain," who carries in his hands the bowl of benediction, containing water colored with saffron destined to be sprinkled over the audience. Next march up the Solpön Chhenpo bearing the royal golden teapot, the chief censer holding up the incense-pot suspended by three golden chains, and other domestic officials. These, when arrived in the grand lama's presence, stand motionless as figures in a picture, keeping their eyes fixed on vacancy in front. Two large and tall lamp-burners, made of gold in the shape of half-closed lotos flowers, have been placed on either side of the throne, and lambent flames flicker up from the petals of each. And on the throne itself is seated the vice-regent of Buddha upon earth, a child of scarce a dozen years. A mitre of yellow velvet crowns the young monarch's head, pendant pieces from each side of it veiling his ears; whilst his person is robed in a long yellow cloak. He is seated crossed-legged, with the palms of his hands laid flatly together with out-pointed fingers elevated to bless us. Each of the audience in turn is summoned to pass before his Holiness to receive benediction and to survey the sacred countenance. Sarat Chandra Dás, who was admitted to a reception such as is here portrayed, remarks: "Some approached the divine child with downward looks, not having the audacity to look up into his face. I wanted to linger a few seconds in his Holiness's presence, but was not allowed to do so, other candidates for benediction displacing me by pushing me gently on. The princely child possessed a really bright and fair complexion with rosy cheeks. His eyes were large and penetrating. The cut of his face was remarkably Aryan, though somewhat marred by the obliquity of his eyes. The thinness of the face was probably owing to the fatigues of the ceremonies of court, of his religious

duties, and of the ascetic observances to which he had been subjected since taking the vows of monkhood."*

After the benedictory reception, all being re-seated, the Solpön Chhenpo pours tea into the golden cup of the grand lama from out of the golden teapot. Assistants pour tea into the cups of the audience. Then the grand lama lifts his cup and thereupon a *mantra* by way of grace is solemnly chanted, beginning with the triple repetition of the formula:—

Om: Ah: Hoom: P'ât!

When the sacred child has emptied his cup, the devotees below in one body lift their cups slowly and silently to their lips and drink likewise. Three times is the tea served, and the same ceremonial conducted; after which the audience replace their vessels in their respective breast-pockets. In continuance the Solpön Chhenpo deposits next a golden dish heaped up with boiled rice in front of his Holiness. Of this he only makes a show of eating; and the greater quantity of it is distributed amongst those present, who carefully bestow it about their persons as precious relics of their interview. Another grace is said; and then any special ritual ceremony which may be required follows. When Sarat Chandra Dás obtained his interview with the Dalai Lama, the reception was succeeded by a curious rite, the object of which was to expedite the transit of the soul of some grand ecclesiastic, just deceased, from the bardo (the Buddhist Hades) to the blessed realms of Dewachen, where the Dhyani Buddhas reside. At this ceremonial the child chanted a dirge which was supposed to facilitate such transit.

From the audience-chamber the visitor is conducted to various halls and chapels. Among the more notable curiosities shown therein are a huge image of Shinje, the god of death, with six faces, reputed to have been consecrated by Zekzan the "atom-eater," and a large chamber hung with very ancient and rich tapestry, where the first Dalai Lama used to hold his court. The tombs of the deceased pontiffs come next. They are of different sizes, but all are capped with huge golden cupolas. The loftiest holds the mortal remains of the fifth Dalai Lama, who flourished two hundred and thirty years ago. It is gilded all over and bears the honorific title of *Dzambuling Gyan*. On demise the body is at once wrapped in jewelled cloths on

* Secret Report to Indian Government, unpublished as yet.

which have been inscribed innumerable Sanskrit syllables. After undergoing a drying process in its shroud, it is deposited in a case which is built into the gilded sepulchre prepared for its reception. The holiness of any grand lama is estimated according to the shrinkage of his body after death. That of the holiest is said to have shrunk at the moment of death until it measured only fifteen inches in length!

From the foregoing sketch of the Dalai Lama and his surroundings, a fairly correct idea of his position at the present time may be arrived at. So long as he is but a child, the Chinese need never be at a loss to find plausible reasons for their interference in the public affairs of Tibet. The emperor is the traditional guardian of the pope of the Buddhist faith; and so long as the latter is unable to keep up his lofty pre-eminence unsupported, his sacred interests must be solicitously watched by his lawful protectors. And well indeed does the Chinaman know how to utilize this idea to his own advantage. Did ever a more mercenary and leaden-hearted race exist in the world? Cold, calculating, devilish, this people seem to be permitted, through some inscrutable Providence, to flourish in order that they may prey upon the deepest and holiest feelings of other nations. Hardly evincing hope beyond the present world themselves, and base of heart, they make use of the religious instincts of nobler races to maintain that leech-like grip in the dark places of the earth by which only their prolific swarms can find subsistence. Thus does the guileful Chinaman easily outwit the people of Tibet. The one, slow, patient, cowardly, yet untiring; the victims, frank, fervid, brave, and passionately religious.

And what is the sober statement of the case? This: that in order to maintain their footing in Tibet and thus reserve for their exclusive advantage the commercial products of the country, as well as remain the sole suppliers of its natural wants, the Chinese authorities scruple not to bring about the murder of each successive sovereign of the land before he comes of age. In this way five at least of the grand lamas of Lhasá during the present century have been deliberately put to death under secret orders from Peking. Each youthful king seems to be suffered to survive until he all but reaches the age for full sovereignty; and then the edict goes forth that he must die, and some subtle instrument accomplishes the bloody end. The great ministers of state in the country appear to be

conscious that the lives of their sacred rulers have been terminated one after another by foul play; but, heretofore, so completely have they been cowed by the threats, or silenced by the bribes, of the Chinese ambassadors at Lhasá, that no real efforts have been made to save each young sovereign from his fate. As to the general public, so mystic is the existence of their spiritual ruler to them, that cajolery makes short work with their doubts. Easily indeed are they deluded with the official statements on the subject. So satisfied, they are informed, is the blessed Chenraisi with the state of Buddhism in Tibet, that he deems it necessary in these times to make but a brief residence on earth in each of his successive incarnations; and then his earthly representatives, sated with their own holiness, are the more easily and more swiftly fitted for Nirvana, the goal of all hope. Nevertheless, the tragedy has been now so frequently enacted, that the true meaning of it all is dawning even on the clouded brains of the ordinary lama-folk and husbandmen. The unsettled feeling is gaining currency, and the feeling by instinct broods darkly over the detestable fiends who have so long been borne with. Some fifty years ago, a section of the community discovered that the frequent departures of their protector were not exactly spontaneous. Foul play was suspected, and a rising of the inhabitants of Lhasá led to the massacre of many Chinese residents there, and it was only by ruse and by humoring that the insurrection was quelled before it spread into the provinces.

However, Chinese subtlety is ever equal to the occasion. It often assumes a charming frankness which takes away from the rebellious all *casus belli* by assuring them they were right in their grievance, but misdirected in their suspicion as to the authors of it. When the tumults we speak of arose in 1843, it was the successive deaths of three grand lamas in the flower of their age which formed the motive for agitation. These deaths had severally occurred during the regency of one man. This individual was Ts'ak-tur Nomenkhan, abbot of the Ts'o-mo Ling at Lhasá. The Chinese government admitted that dark deeds had been evidently perpetrated. The desi or regent was the man who had murdered, or caused to be murdered, these innocent and most holy youths. He must be dethroned and banished, and the power of the Celestial emperor would assist the Tibetan Privy Council in that retributive proceeding.

Thus was the unscrupulous instrument of the Chinese authorities abandoned by his masters and instigators in the dearest possible manner. They who were the real murderers assumed the rôle of protectors of the Tibetan monarchy and avengers of treason; and the scapegoat was punished not for murder, but for insufficient subtlety in its perpetration.

Since these events, however, the old policy has not been altered. In 1855, the grand lama, Ngag-dbang Dge-dmu Lob-zang, came to an untimely death at the age of eighteen years. His successor, Lob-zang P'rin-las was suffered to arrive at the age for assuming temporal control, and even formally invested with full power, when he was almost immediately poisoned. That was in 1874, when he was nineteen years old. In 1875, the present Dalai Lama, Ngag-dbang Blobsang T'ub-ldan, was installed in the pontifical seat, being one year old. He is now sixteen years old; and in one year and a half from now he will be entitled to supersede the regent as king, spiritual and temporal, of all Tibet. But let him not hope to see that day. Some time ere then, the embalmed body of the stripling — "The Sensible, Eloquent Possessor of Might," as his name may be rendered — will be solemnly interred in a gold-plated sarcophagus amid the tombs behind his old reception-hall. That indeed is the sure fate awaiting him; unless before that day his subjects summon heart of grace to do what they might well have done long ago — to strip off the handful of parasites who crawl about their magnificent mountains and glaciers — these miserable, gold-munching, plotting Chinamen — and fling them over their snowy battlements, out of Tibet, into the land that bred them, and which teems and festers with many million such.

Failing decisive action of that sort, I suppose it is too much to hope that England, in the interests of sheer humanity, should interfere diplomatically, and sternly express to the Chinese emperor her abhorrence of the dastardly policy of assassination pursued in Tibet. But that seems to be a bootless trust after all. Imagine our mealy-mouthed diplomacy pitted against the astute statecraft of China! Our spokesmen have lost the blunt tongue which would know how to characterize plainly the bland repudiation of responsibility with which the Celestial meets remonstrances of the kind. It would be merely a repetition of the negotiations of the United States concerning Korea.

It is a more probable forecast, if we

predict that the Tibetans will take the initiative and act for themselves. Then we shall see whether or not Chinese weakness is, as the editor of the *Spectator* confidently assures us, "a thing of the past." Europeans have always misconceived both the right of China to Tibet and her real hold upon that benighted land. Her claim to superintend the affairs of Tibet has only taken definite shape during the present century. The repeated assassinations of the rightful sovereigns in their boyhood have been coolly planned, in order to afford colorable pretext for intervention under the guise of solicitude for the cause of religion. The Tibetans, brave, though peaceful, have thus allowed a tradition of protection to accrue which is fast developing into an unbearable tyranny. Sir Alfred Lyall, in a recent notable article, considered he had made out a decisive case in support of the Chinese pretensions to suzerainty by quoting an extract from the *Peking Gazette*, wherein the emperor of China declared in set terms his official confirmation of the instalment of the reigning Dalai Lama to the throne of Tibet. Whereupon the editor of the *Spectator*, taking the hint apparently from Sir Alfred Lyall, expanded the idea into a statement that there existed, "a rule, never broken, that the emperor must sanction the election of the Dalai Lama." Does this editor really possess any actual proof of this rule? Well, indeed, does the Chinese government succeed in hoodwinking outsiders. Assume a right with sufficient bombast, and ninety-nine out of a hundred will accord it you. However, in this particular case, inquiries made in Tibet itself would soon reveal what a bogus affair is the official record of imperial assent to the appointment of a grand lama of Lhasá. It is a mere assumption, this ratification in the *Peking Gazette*, intended to impose upon the foreigners' credulity, and to enhance to his own subjects the general notion of the emperor's world-permeating sway. The grand lama, when the record is published, has been already "discovered" and proclaimed. There is nothing, however, to prevent Queen Victoria confirming the appointment in the *London Gazette*, if the whim were to suit our policy as it does the policy of the emperor of China. Let us remember that so late as the year 1801, it was a British whim to style the monarch of these isles "king of France."

However, the support which the British government has been lately vouchsafing to the Chinese pretensions is neither wise

nor equitable. As I write, arrangements are being made by the Indian Department for a meeting of commissioners at Darjiling to adjust the differences between England and Tibet; and these commissioners are only three in number, one representing England and two China! Surely, in common fairness, when Tibet, an independent kingdom, is the land we wish to deal with, some representative Tibetan should be included in the commission? It is sheer tyranny and insult to bolster up the unfounded claims of the Chinese by concluding with them a treaty which is to bind a third nation; and such a course is well calculated to exasperate the Tibetans against both China and ourselves. But for the secret instigations of the Chinese agents in Tibet, there would have been no disturbance of our peaceful relations with the latter country. The Tibetans have hitherto been disposed to meet all peaceful advances on our side in a liberal spirit; and, without the underhand machinations of China misrepresenting our intentions, no hostilities would have ever occurred. As it is, what right have we to expect that the independent Tibetan nation is to consider itself bound by treaties and settlements made between England and an overbearing neighbor whose lordship it repudiates? As well might we deem Servia bound by negotiations concluded in her name by the emperor of Russia.

As to the hold of the Celestial in Tibet, it is indeed a feeble grasp. The Tibetans hate the Chinese cordially. They have laid down strict rules concerning their intrusion into the land. Chinese officials or traders permitted to reside are not suffered to bring Chinese wives with them. They may, if they choose, marry Tibetan women, but the offspring are then reckoned as Tibetans. Indeed, if it were otherwise ordered, the Chinamen, with the prolific consorts of their own nation, would soon supersede the natural people of the soil. So, having regard to the unpopularity as well as the numerical sparseness of Chinese residents in the country, we would venture to predict a speedy if not a safe exodus, of these from Tibet should hostilities actually arise. Moreover, the position of the Chinese warring against the Buddhists of Tibet would be incomparably different in many aspects from the Chinese warring against the Musalmans of Chinese Turkestan. The way to the latter dependency lies by the northern route through what is mainly an easy steppe country. The way to Lhasá, from

the borders of Szechuen and Yunnan traverses a tract several hundred miles in breadth, which in its physical difficulties, to those who would penetrate it, is simply unparalleled anywhere in the world. The Chinese themselves, in their printed itinerary of the dangerous route to Lhasá, particularize many of the monster glacier-girt mountains by a peculiar designation, meaning those which "claim the life" of the traveller. But an obstacle of more importance to invaders than the impenetrability of these strange regions would be found in the hostile attitude of the wild and courageous mountain tribes, those not only inhabiting the intervening districts which separate the central parts of Tibet from China, but also those dwelling in the bordering hills of Chinese territory itself. West of Bat'ang, and between the "River of Golden Dust" (Kin-tsa Kiang), and the Tsiampo Chhu, lies a vast series of alternate ridge and valley tenanted by many thousands of the Kham-pa race, a turbulent people, devoted to brigand pursuits, yet devotees of the grand lama, and noted for the most passionate religious fervor. Further north are numerous colonies of the Sifan tribes, whose black tents and miscellaneous herds of cattle swarm in every valley of the half mountainous, half open country stretching from the headwaters of the Hoang-ho north-east to Kho-kho Nur. These also are staunch upholders of the Tibetan hierarchy, with a strong anti-Chinese animus. Even the bloodthirsty horse-robbers, known to the Tibetans as *Golok* or "queer heads," whose columns sweep, periodically, most of the districts to the south of Kho-kho Nur, reaching in their raids so far south as the Jog-chhen and Yulung Mountains lying between lat. 32° and 33° N., even these fierce bands swear by Tsong-khapa and the grand lama eternal hatred to the Chinese name. All these headstrong races inhabit only the approaches to Tibet proper; and in the event of an advance of the imperial forces into the latter country could and would effectually hem them in, both on the northern flank and to the rear. What would become of any number of troops if they succeeded in penetrating so far west as the snowy monsters and bottomless gorges which lie beyond the course of the Gya-ma Ngul Chhu (Silver Measuring-rod River) beset by hosts behind them as well as by the Tibetans themselves, it is not difficult to conjecture. The commissariat in these regions, moreover, would not be the least question to be adjusted.

However, a fair idea of the character of the country to be traversed may be arrived at by studying a good map of the territories lying between the confines of China and the capital of Tibet. In the Yarkand expedition, the enemy whom the imperial armies (after some years of warfare) at length subdued, were Musalmans, and the victors were, at least, professed Buddhists. Accordingly, they had none of these flank and rear subsidiary enemies to harass them or cut off their eastern communication with the mother country. In any enterprise against Tibet, the condition of affairs would be exactly the reverse. The fierce mountain tribes and robber hordes, who would sympathize in an anti-Musalman crusade, would infallibly prove enthusiastic auxiliaries of the threatened Buddhist populace of Tibet; whilst the great Mongol race in Chinese Tartary would eventually join in the fray. And as to the Russians, further north, would they stand aloof? I need hardly speculate on that issue.

GRAHAM SANDBERG.

From The Fortnightly Review.
SOCIAL LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

THE social life in this case refers to that of the eastern interior as contrasted with the Pacific slope.

I.
UP COUNTRY.

A THOUSAND minor particulars of fauna and flora, clear to the eye of the naturalist, do not impair the great fact of the extraordinary general resemblance of the interior of Australia. And the action of man has tended, and is ever tending, more and more to accentuate this resemblance. Pastoralism, beginning with cattle and continuing with sheep, the rabbit following swiftly in their train from south to north, has, thanks to reckless overstocking and a system of tree-destruction equally reckless, pressed a pitiless stamp of desolation on to the face of the whole land. The natural grasses, with all their wonders of luxuriance and lovely flowering, have had whole genera destroyed — eaten out at the roots by the famishing animals. Only clumps of the wiriest grass — tussocks, as they are called, something like the tufts of razor-like keenness of edge which grow on English sand-dunes, shrivelled and blasted with the brine — survive into the severe seasons.

Nothing more mournful than the great plains, treeless and grassless, that are to be found all over Australia. The pallid sky without a cloud oppresses you with its intolerable burthen, and your eyes ache with looking towards the viewless horizon smoking like a cauldron. Often there is no sign of life whatever. Man has exterminated the kangaroo and the emu, and even the dingo, as much with overstocking as with lead and strychnine. The roads called "lanes" are little more than brown, bare, rectilineal passages, whose sole ornaments are, perchance, the telegraph poles and wires running exactly down the middle, and the skeletons and carcasses of sheep or of some poor patient bullock who has done something more than his duty, are its only landmarks. The everlasting wire fences hem you in on either side.

By night it is different. The sun has dropped suddenly behind the horizon line, and the stealthy evening glides up swiftly into the bronze that follows on the brilliant gold and red of the afterglow. The stars come out, marshalling their array more and more thickly. The unutterable weirdness of the Australian scrub after dark falls upon you in its full force. The strange sounds of the desert by night — the inexplicable breathings and rustlings, the pursuits and captures of the unknown spirits of earth and air, the fantastic figures of crouching, attentive animals — here is all the sacred horror of the old Hebrew prophets. Was not the aching monotony of the daytime better than this? Now and then the light showed you the brown grass-lark pursued by her foe, the big, brown, ineffectual-flapping hawk, or a stray hare crossed your path, or a quail whizzed away from your approach, or you lit upon a "mob" of the wild, timid, yet inquisitive "monkeys" (sheep). At night the ground-wind becomes an unknown monster and raises its head towards the crowding stars. The carcasses and skeletons seem agitated with a fitful breath of being. The dry bones do not veritably live, but they seem once more to feel the electric currents of life thrilling through and through them.

Within the memory of many these plains waved with grass so high that a horseman was soon hid in them. In those days squatters sheared a hundred thousand sheep where to-day they shear much less than half as many. Shepherds tended their flocks by night as they did in Syria and Mesopotamia of old, and guided their wanderings by sun and star, as the nomadic shearers still do at times. There was life

and living in these plains before the wire fence came and shut the sheep up in gigantic lidless boxes, where they became wild animals, only disturbed once or twice a year by dogs and men driving them into the yards in a fog of dust.

But there are other and more cheerful aspects of the interior than this. Seasons of drought are followed by seasons of flood. Sometimes even the land is blessed with mild and continuous rain. Then, in the better localities, a few days will see an astonishing transformation. First a thin and vivid green, like the breaking of the buds on the twigs after the first warm showers of the English spring, lights up the earth; then the grass comes darker-hued and more dense, and last of all it bends and waves in beautiful luxuriance. All sorts of flowers burst into bloom, and in the spring the plains will be carpeted with vast sheets of blue. The terrors of the drought become like the fading memory of a bad dream. But except in those singular years, which mark the culmination of the rain-cycle, where scarcely a day will pass without showers, the clear, dry breath of the dessicator is ever at hand.

Large portions of this eastern interior are at a high altitude—level downs stretching away back for hundreds of miles from the central portion of the great dividing range which runs without a break from the foot of the northern peninsula to the extreme south, where it turns westward across Victoria. The west wind, blowing over these from the heart of the land, is to the Australian what the east wind is to the Englishman. The sun is always warm, but the moment he has fallen behind the earth the temperature drops with a run, and a night ride across the plains in a westerly winter gale would daunt a Canadian. But the winter is short—too short in the northern half, where it does not allow the European time to recover from the ardors of the summer. In the great bulk of this land it is not really fit to speak of seasons, such as spring, and summer, and autumn, and winter. There are but two—the hot season and the cold season. A third might be added in the shape of the wet season—whenever it comes. Sometimes years pass without it. Sometimes it will last for months.

One reads a good deal nowadays of the discovery of a fertile interior, and the sufferings of the early explorers are relegated to a convenient oblivion. The cruel picture they drew is said to be a partial one, and irrigation is to transform the face of even the salt-bush deserts. The con-

servation of water may do much in the more eastern half which participates in the coastal rainfall, and artesian springs may do something in the further west, but the day is far removed when the stubborn hostility of nature in her most dreaded aspect will be worth overcoming, even if it may possibly be overcome.

Nothing, however, is more wonderful than the power of recuperation innate in all the forms of vegetation, and, indeed, of life generally. Everything seems to only ask for the slightest excuse to increase and multiply to profusion. Nowhere is the heartless wastefulness of nature more overwhelming. A few warm showers in the forefront of midsummer drought fill the water-holes, clothe the plains, and hurry fish, flesh, and fowl into teeming existence. In three days the bitter agony of fevered death is upon them. To-day Australia may flow with milk and honey; to-morrow she may flow with vinegar and gall.

It will be many a long and weary decade before the leopard changes her spots and the Ethiop his skin, and this singular interior, its extravagant alternations, its barren fecundity, its sinister charm.

II.

THE SQUATTERS.

ONE has a natural hesitation in disappointing people.

I know so well the sort of picture that is "expected" of me here, not only by the ordinary Englishman, but also by the ordinary town and coastal Australian. The men of the interior are sardonic over the conception of themselves and their life held by the good folk in the capitals. Considering the still semi-nomadic character of a large portion of the people, the "bogy" notions held by one section of it in regard to the others exceed all reasonableness. The ignorance of Victorians concerning the facts of daily existence in Queensland is often only one shade less than that of fullblown British "new chums."

But the gulf between colony and colony is small and traversable compared to that great fixture that lies between the people of the slope and of the interior.

Where the marine rainfall flags out and is lost, a new climate, and, in a certain sense, a new race begin to unfold themselves. The "fancy" stations on this side of the great dividing range produce something just different enough from anything in England to make the Englishman

accept the *dictum* of the Australian townsman that this is at last the typical example of "the bush life." People in the country districts of Illinois and Kentucky doubtless talk in the same way of "the west." But they are mistaken. It is not one hundred, but three and four and five hundred miles that you must go back from the sea if you would find yourself face to face with the one powerful and unique national type yet produced in the new land.

Here you will find that the pastoral industry on the old lines is playing out more and more. The greed of man has overreached itself. Just as the sugar plantations of the northern Queensland coast have been ruined by men in haste to be rich; so have the most fertile plains—plains like those of the Darling Downs, for example, rich in black and chocolate soil of alluvial and mud-volcanic deposit—been turned into deserts. These sheep, lying dead everywhere, with agonized, back-cast heads, have not perished from thirst. In every paddock the windmills, that look afar off like eastern watchtowers, pump up the water from the sunken wells into troughs; but what avails water, to these poor brutes nourished on the wiry tussock grass, which gathers into balls in their stomachs, and kills them with hunger and constipation? Not only has overstocking destroyed the natural grasses, but the moment the rain brings back the green, it is devoured off the face of the earth. The exhausted herbage can do no more.

Here in the "back blocks," then, you will begin by discovering that the squatter *quâ* squatter is being gently transformed off the face of the earth. The old reckless overstocking, coupled with the old reckless expenditure, and backed up by the droughts, have ruined him. Mortgage upon mortgage have made him the slave of the big pastoral syndicates or of the banks. Often the banks and the syndicates are one. They have fixed their heavy hand on to him; if he was worth retaining as the manager of his one-time station, they retained him; if he was not, they thrust him out, and put in a man of their own. All the old profuse hospitality, the hunts and dances and four-in-hands of the squatter kings, live now but as a dim tradition. The country townships they created in the centre of a circle of their colossal "runs" eke out a miserable existence with the meagre patronage of the selectors and the chance travellers of all sorts and conditions. The manager has his supplies sent up to him direct from

Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and enjoys little popularity with township hotel and storekeepers who often find in him a dangerous competitor.

Some of the squatters have had the wit to become metropolitan capitalists, chairmen of companies, members of the Assembly, or of the Legislative Council of their colony, and they "run up," from time to time, to the stations to see how things are going. But, as a rule, their lines have fallen in less pleasant places, and they ride and drive as mere agents round what were once their own stations, with clouded faces, morose and surly, or have taken "government billets" down in the capitals, and are embittered husbands and fathers.

Sadder still is the life of their women-folk. What little there is in the "bush" of cultivation and refinement is due to the women, and that comes to mean, to the wives and daughters of the squatters and now of the managers. The flower-gardens, which give to the small oases of civilization, the whitewashed, iron-roofed station-houses, their one most charming feature, most often owe their creation and continued existence to the labors of "the girls." They, too, in their desire for fruit (did the ancient Hebrew myth place on record a deep sexual trait in the craving of Eve for the apples that were pleasant to the eye and good for food?), are frequently the cause that the grape, the peach, the quince, the banana soften the everlasting diet of mutton and bread and tea and tinned condiments. Their hesitating dips into literature, based on a passionate attachment to Adam Lindsay Gordon, their spirited but trying efforts on the cast-iron pianos of their clime, constitute the sole disinterested element in a life that reeks with sheep and horses and dogs, or dogs and horses and cattle, from early-rising, rosy-fingered dawn to dewless night.

The heathenism of the bush is intense. Every one is at heart a pessimist. The horrible condition of the coatings of stomachs perpetually drenched with tannin (specially termed "tea") doubtless counts for something in the action and reaction of body and climate. After a good spell of drought, endured on a diet of mutton, bread, jam, and stewed Bohea, one's indifference to life becomes remarkable. There is nothing wild or hysterical about it. It is merely a deep, quiet, stoical heedlessness of danger and death. In certain natures it becomes combative, and the drawing "blow" (Anglicè, boasting) of the competitive bushman borders on

an anger which is so high-strung as to threaten insanity. Gordon, with the acute impressionability of a poet, absorbed all the natural influences of the climate and the life, and has become the absolute spokesman of its morality.

The bulk of the squatters yesterday, the bulk of the managers to-day, have risen from the selector class, and are, as a rule, pretty well in touch with those they control. Educated at primary schools where the teaching was secular, deprived, together with all our worthless accretions of dogma, of the poetry of the life of the East, which is the one everlasting boon of the Bible story, the sole appeal to the spiritual side in most of them has been made by the lyrics of this remarkable writer. His teaching is simple. Courage for our own troubles, kindness for those of our neighbors. Life being mostly a curse, it is no good pretending it is anything else. But it is only the coward who whines; and we mustn't be cowards, that is one step lower than the animals. Sing out your song, then, like a bird, though the death-hawk is poised over your head!

Bushmen will almost always assert that the happiest hours of their life have been moments of peril—a wild ride through the scrub after "brumbies" (wild-horse), "rounding up" a refractory steer, swimming a swollen creek that runs a banker, a "row" with rival drovers in some wayside "pub." Most, however, feel to a certain extent the poetry of milder natural delights, and here again they find their mouthpiece in Gordon—the tinkling of the hobbled horses at night as two or three lie round the fire in the champagne airs of the more fertile "apple-tree" country (the apple-tree is merely a more umbrageous sample of the eternal gum); the moon rising huge and solemn from the brown, brooding horizon of the treeless plains; the magic hour of the jewel-hued after-glow; the gold and blue of cloudless breezy spring mornings; the lights of the little township twinkling through the evening trees to the weary riders who have not seen a sign of settled human life for days; the winding tract through the shadowy cyclopean cathedral aisles of the bunya and wild-fig forest, with the tropic sky a thin blue thread three hundred feet above; the labyrinthine gullies with their rain-purged ridges and sides thick with ferns and flowers. All these enter dumbly into the dumb soul of the solitary bushman and add strange impulses, shy, beautiful, lyric, to his materialistic soul.

As he rises to more responsible posi-

tions, overcomes his cynical distrust of marriage and parentage, and develops into a small squatter, or a manager, the cark and care of his work shrivel him up. The slow, pitiless, everlasting horror of a drought means ten years added to the life of the squatter or manager. Pastoralism can now only be made to pay on a vast scale, but the chances of failure on a vast scale keep steadily greater than those of success, and he has (if he is the latter) to bear in addition all the unreasonable querulousness and ignorant blame, all the hot fits and cold fits of elation and panic that periodically afflict the capitalistic "bosses" in town. In good seasons he has spasmodic outbreaks of pleasantness again, and Christmas may then find him there with his womenfolk for a holiday, giving the girls "a chance to get married."

Matrimony is not generally held as a holy estate in the bush, nor are marriages made there with any readiness. The sexes meet from early youth (when they sit side by side at school together) on a platform of something very like equality, and their relations are frank and unconstrained, with the inevitable human results of good, bad, and indifferent. The young Australian man is wanting, to a large extent, in the egregious impudence of his English fellow, who, a loose, not to say a gross, liver himself, demands the immaculate in his womankind. Australian conjugal loyalty and affection spring from the same point for both parties, and are continued to the same point. The Australian girl will not sink her individuality in that of her husband, and tolerate neglect and even outrage under the rococo plea of fulfilling a divinely ordained "duty."

The domestic tyrant, husband and father, wears no aureole round his hat as in this country, but figures simply as the selfish wretch he is, and runs a fair chance of seeing his spouse "skip" with somebody else, while his friends and neighbors opine that "she did quite right."

The means of subsistence for young couples of the richer class are scanty in the bush, and doubtless this too has its influence in reducing the number of marriages; but the fact remains that for both bush "boy" and bush "girl" the matrimonial market lies in the cities. Some vague craving for more culture than they themselves possess, some masculine desire for a superior feminine refinement, some feminine wish for more extended

masculine "ideas," make them seek out wives or husbands in other sisters and brothers than those of their neighbors. But the bushman and bushwoman are never long happy anywhere else than among their rustling gum-trees; and the savage avidity for "money and honey" which devours the coastal townspeople soon bewilders, wearies, and disgusts them. Grievous as are often the afflictions of Droughtland, they do not leave the heart so empty as the insane clatter of the fœtid and dusty streets, the grimacing drawing-rooms, the spiteful scandal-mongering haunts of an unwholesome privacy. Nature, even in her most sinister aspect, has her divine consolations, and in the bush there are hours when her benignity soothes like the tender caress of a lover.

Frankly, I find not only all that is genuinely characteristic in Australia and the Australians springing from this heart of the land, but also all that is noblest, kindest, and best. There are cruel features in the life — there are horrible features in it; but even in these there is an intensity, a frankness, and a reality, which lift them, in my opinion, right above the eternally hideous and hypocritical vice of all the phases of our so-called civilization.

III.

THE SELECTORS.

WHATEVER success democratic legislation may have had in the coastal districts in forming what used to be called in England a yeoman class, it has failed utterly to do so in the interior. The reasons for this have already been indicated. Pastoralism in Droughtland (let me repeat once more) can only be made to pay when undertaken on an enormous scale. The clamor of the *tenuiores* has resulted in land bills that have thrown open to selection at almost nominal rents the pick of the squatters' leaseholds. In Queensland the '84 Land Act permitted selections of one hundred and sixty acres. The permission was useless. Scarcely any one cared to profit by it.

I remember going to pay a visit to a friend of mine who had taken up one of these selections under the range close to Toowoomba. There is no richer land in Queensland or Australia. The soil is several feet deep in vegetable mould. The sudden rise of the great tableland precipitates the coastal ruins. He was within a few miles of a railway station, and he enjoyed "permanent water." He considered himself singularly lucky. I

went to look at the "permanent water." The dry bed of a torrent which had not run for years led us to two deep holes half filled with a turbid liquid, the support of a not inconsiderable quantity of the lower animal and vegetable life. This we contemplated with that satisfaction known only to the bushman, to whom "anything that trickles" stands for indeed delectable water. At the same time it was obvious that a selection of one hundred and sixty acres, even under these comparatively favorable circumstances, could have no very extensive pecuniary future.

I must do my friend the justice to say that he was well aware of this, laboring under no wilfully or stupidly myopic illusions on the subject, like the bulk of his neighbors. His dreams were of an artesian water supply and orange orchards, and likely enough these dreams in his special case may come true. But for those others? but for the bulk of his neighbors? And how much — how infinitely much more for the selectors of Droughtland?

One almost hesitates to draw the picture of their life. Where goes all the Radical's profound satisfaction in the four million peasant proprietors of France when he comes to observe the "small cultivators" with his own eyes? The most atrocious thing about the atrocious novel in which M. Emile Zola describes it all, is that it is true. Everywhere in the Australian towns the good superficial people are calling for the settlement of the interior by a yeoman class. Is there a globe-trotting Englishman who does not leave the country with the impression that nothing but human imbecility is keeping the towns over-crowded and the country a desert? Of late the cry has been modified somewhat and we are told that "a little capital" is required. Twenty or thirty or forty years ago this was true; to-day it is quite false. It is not a few hundreds that should give a man of intelligence, patience, and economy the chance of earning a decent livelihood within a reasonable period, and bringing up a family on the same level as himself. Nay, it is scarcely a few thousands.

The truth is that in Australia the money has been made. On the outskirts it is still to make perhaps, and gold-fields may be discovered any day, though the south-east has so far alone given the Midas chances of the alluvial to the average worker. When it is a case of quartz-crushing and elaborate machinery, the average worker comes off but indifferently.

Mount Morgan and its millions have enriched a little local clique of lawyers and butchers. The men who have done the actual hard work have been "run" at the current wages, and have gone their ways unrejoicing. In the settled industries all gains are being driven down rapidly to the life-line.

The average selector finds it possible nowadays to gain little more than a mere living by the exercise of unremitting and monotonous toil. The much-deplored existence of the petty English farmer seems to me far the more preferable of the two. Both have enough to eat and to be clothed with, and that is about all; but the Englishman's is the better food (the hot, dry Australian climate equalizes the other item), the superior comfort, the greater social pleasure. He is not afflicted with that dreadful isolation which makes of so many selectors' homes intensified, if more vulgarized and depraved samples of the life drawn with a pen of fire in "Wuthering Heights."

It seems necessary to repeat that a view of the selectors of north-eastern Victoria, or of the best coastal patches of New South Wales or Queensland (including the small sugar plantations) gives but an anticipatory idea of the selectors of the real interior. On these the hand of inevitable social degradation lies heavily. The best of them are being driven into the shearing class, the class below them, at first in the semi-independent shape of "cockies," "supplementing" their income as petty proprietors by wage-work, but compelled more and more to find that the "supplementation" lies in the foundering homestead. The worst dip into wilder trades and risk the gaol. The railway and the telegraph have ruined the big sheep and cattle-thief, as well as the bushranger, and the gains of the rings are generally meagre indeed when compared with the risk.

I have spoken of the cruel and indeed horrible aspects of the life of the interior. Most of the features are found concentrated in this unhappy class. Of cultivation and refinement, so feeble and jejune a growth in the richer and better educated class above them, there is in them no trace whatever. Their present state of transition isolates them from even that mental exercise which the new ideas of union combinations and of socialism are making into a vital and regenerating force in the class below them. In their attempt after the position of aristocrats of labor, occasional employers who are above the professional manual workers, they natu-

rally find themselves suspected and often hated to the top of their bent. Then there is the bitter sense of the ever-growing emptiness of their pretensions, this desperate struggle to maintain the homestead in the face of pitiless mortgages, and the inevitable collapse and fall exultantly awaited by those on whom they have tried to impose themselves. They combat the unions with a savage malignancy, only joining them under compulsion, and ready to throw themselves in with their hereditary enemies, the squatters, rather than admit the equality of this new democracy.

The life of their womenfolk is pitiable. To the cynical materialism of the current "bush" view of the relations of the sexes has been added the acrimony of disappointment, disgust, and despair, and if this has not already produced a hard, defiant, and shamelessly immoral type, then it speaks well for the happy, pure, and affectionate nature of the average Australian woman. And if by type is meant dominant type, then this is certainly still the case. The manager of a station, smarting at the moment under a twenty-five per cent. reduction of his wages, told me that even a fifty per cent. reduction would not drive him to take up a selection. As he was, he enjoyed all the comforts and some of the luxuries of life (he meant of bush life), and his wages were always so much to the good. Were he a selector he would enjoy neither the luxuries nor the comforts, and would soon find his land under the thumb of the bank and himself under the thumb of the local storekeepers. At the same time he realized how inadequately he was paid for the work he did, and how ruthlessly his interests were sacrificed by his employers, who, to gain their accustomed percentage of profit, struck £100 a year off his wages at a blow rather than face any disagreeableness with the unions.

There is something in many of the smaller homesteads, and in the manner of life pursued there, that reminds one irresistibly of the "distressful country." There is the same horrible bareness, the same terrible "ramshackliness," all the more apparent from the desiccations of the climate. Perhaps a parallel in every way more satisfactory could be found between these Australian "selectors" of the interior and the "mean whites" of the Southern States of America. People are beginning to talk now of the possibilities of civil war between capital and labor, and some such eventuality might be possible where capital had a sufficient rank

and file to draw from. The mean whites supplied that rank and file to Jefferson Davis and Lee, and another ten or twelve years may give the capitalistic squatters of Australia an organized body of selectors intensely hostile to the unionists. Such an eventuality would arrest the extinction of the class, though only for a time; for the ultimate triumph of the capitalists could only mean the conquest in their turn of their now useless allies, and selectors and shearers would then pullulate together in a common impotency of degradation.

Land laws can never succeed in preventing the destiny of up-country pastoralism. There is no room for a class of pastoral *tenuiores*. There is no room for any class intermediate between the large wool-growers and the shearers. The fruit selector is equally impossible as a permanency. The pioneers have done, and are doing, well, but that is because capital has not yet turned its attention to the industry. When it does, then the selectors will begin to find that production on a small scale once more reads want of profits, debt, and final absorption in the big farms. The trend of things is relentlessly towards huge monopolies of capital and labor, and these petty intermediate classes, striving to combine a little of both, are foredoomed to failure and ultimate extinction.

IV.

THE BUSH PEOPLE.

I RECALL with a singular delight my personal memories of many of the bush people.

It is, indeed, the rarest and most felicitous privilege to have been able to behold with your own eyes something which has approached, however remotely, to the ideal that is in your heart. I have known little communities in the Australian bush which, so far as social manner went, realized for me much, so much, of what I desired in a democracy. The absolute fearless friendliness of the children, their innate feeling of the kindly respect due to themselves as to others, their simple and expansive intelligence, their unaffected modesty and self-control—I have found intercourse with bush children one of the most charming things in life! I could have asked nothing better of the gods than to have seen children of my own growing up like these, with the addition of the one thing needful to make them the democrats of the future. Given an education, not the mere seeds, but the perfected flower and fruit of the modern culture, "the best that has been

thought and known in the world" of literature, of science, of art, of music, what could not be hoped for from children such as these? Athens actually existed. The ideal in thought and word and action once was made flesh and dwelt among us, and who shall call it an impossible dream for such a miracle to happen again?

Little incidents of my intercourse with these boys and girls come back to me, and affect me like music or the story of some beautiful deed; incidents, many of them, apparently so obvious and commonplace, but in reality full of a quiet and lovely spiritual significance. I remember, for instance, the second evening of my arrival in one of these little communities, coming in home from a walk, and passing the houses of some of the permanent station hands. There were children at some of the doors, and they called to me by my name as I went by, and wished me good-night. First one and then another called, and to each I answered good-night, and would have added their names if I had known them. Nothing could have been prettier.

Schoolchildren's picnics in England are usually rather painful things, chiefly owing to the self-conscious, predetermined "affability" of the silly masters and mistresses or ladies and gentlemen who manage them, and the resultant *gêne* of the offspring of the "lower orders" keenly aware of themselves as such. Happily the bush people do not yet know of claims to social superiority, and behave as if all were natural equals. I am at a loss to describe the results to English people, who cannot but be shocked to be told of the children of shearers and boundary-riders being so much better bred, so much more easily unaffected and gentle than those of county people and professional people and aristocrats. Probably they will not believe it. Nevertheless it is true. Fruit is, of course, a rarity in the bush, and I remember when on one of these occasions (a picnic given to all the station hands) cases of grapes, peaches, and bananas were opened under the trees for the children, I expected a pardonable tendency to overconsumption. But nothing of the sort happened. That innate Australian sense of moderation, which makes a drunken native-born a creature quite abnormal, operated here also. I watched the children, sitting chatting in their quiet, unembarrassed way, eat a bunch of grapes, or a peach, or a banana, enough to satisfy them, and then rise to go back again to their games. I recalled similar scenes in my native land, and realized what the

glory of *caste* meant for thirty-nine out of the forty millions of us, and how blessed a change would take place when it had got a thorough hold in Australia, and all my soul thrilled to the great idea of the Anglo-Australian amalgamation.

How decisively, too, did these children make for every scrap of natural poetry that was to be found in their lives. The love of music seems innate in all Australians, and its future effect upon the nation is incommensurable. If you ask these children to sing, they stand up, with bright, unabashed faces, and warble like birds, English "manners" will yet, perhaps, teach them how to make mock-modest grimaces over it, and their "barbarism" will be ended. When you meet the bush children going to school, some on foot, some on horseback, the boys and girls astraddle together, they pleasantly salute you, and expect you to do the same to them. Alas, they have not yet learned to order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters, and otherwise do their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased *caste* and the modern competitive system to call them.

But let me not seem, in my passion for the bush children, to imply that I have not in my memory like incidents of the courtesy and kindness of the men and women. Let me tell one, the first that comes to me. I heard one night in a big station where I was staying that some one I particularly wished to see, a shearers, had arrived there but was going away again. I wandered about in ineffectual search of him. Chancing to enter the bachelors' quarters (the house of the unmarried station-hands), I found a stranger and asked him if he had seen my friend. He said no, but that he had heard he was "camping out" down at the old saw-mills. Then, seeing that I did not know where this was, he at once got up, saying, "I'll take you there, if you like." It was a moonless night and the path wound about among tanks. We chatted together as we went, and presently, sure enough, lit upon my friend stretched out on his blanket in the grass. After greeting him, I turned to look for my guide, intending to make the two acquainted. But he was gone. The simple courtesy and swift and kindly self-effacement of the man struck me at once.

A hundred instances of this delicacy in social intercourse come back to me when I think of the bush folk.

Let me give a very ordinary, typical example of the richer qualities of the heart. It was during the full swing of shearing,

with the weather cool and clear and early in the season. Everything prompted to rapid and continuous work and departure elsewhere in search of further occupation. An old station-hand, a man nigh in his dotage and a "pensioner" of the squatter's bounty (which took shape in a solitary dilapidated hut and "rations" as the just reward of many years' labor) got drunk one evening and in the morning was missing. The moment the news reached the shed, every one, as the most natural thing in the world, stopped work, and went out in organized search parties. Late in the afternoon he was found dead, and carried reverently home to his hut, a pensioner no longer, but merely a man by the dignity of death. The "shed" stood to lose £15 to £20 over him, say 10s. per shearers (the pay of fifty sheep shorn), but the only grumbler was the squatter, who had not even thanks to offer them for concerning themselves with the fate of a tool of his, long worn out and flung aside as useless. The different tone, the different temper of the two parties to transactions like these may well make disinterested creatures muse.

Oh, the mere money side, it would be in the very worst possible taste for ladies and gentlemen to touch upon! Wherefore, when justice would decree that this onus rightly belongs, perchance, to neither party, why, we let it fall on to the more insignificant, and airily talk of the weather or the latest flashy novel. I cannot say how often and how flagrantly I have seen the natural generosity and good-will of the average Australian "put upon" by employers. Nay, but it is a broadly human trait, I fancy, and the retribution for it all still lies in the future conscience of mankind.

But let me not seem to idealize my friends. They have (we have seen) their limitations, faults, vices. They are heathens with a vanishing varnish of the worst side of our current civilization. Their burlesque types are trying enough, but they have (at least to me) this one immense redemption—they are all fearless. You will find loud, strident boasters here, though their boasting is rarely empty, but you will find no one cowed and servile. These are free men and free women, free boys and free girls, every one of them, and will not take the whip from anything born. And that climatic pessimism of theirs endows their better moments with the divine tenderness of lovers. Patronage they do not understand. If it is very delicate, they are puzzled by it; if it is

gross, they at first take it as ridiculous; if persistent, they resent it to the pitch of violence. Touch their hearts, and they laugh as they die for you. You will not (let me repeat) find these girls falling into adoring attitudes before the alleged "higher type" of civilization. They look upon love as a strict republic, and they will wrestle with you in the spirit of a most un-self-sacrificing vehemence. It may not be the realization of the male epicure's view of marriage, but with a mate who imperiously and continuously demands of him his best, all his best, and nothing but his best, he stands a chance of evolving his epicureanism into manhood and winning a seraph as his reward for innate honesty and "grit." How absolutely gone in these clear, lean women's faces with their honest, critical eyes and decisive lips, is the antique, insipid prettiness and fashion-plate nullity still so dear to the heart of the average English-woman! Poor things! the coatings of their stomachs have suffered at the hands of Bohea just as much as those of their brothers, and one is astonished at the profound and philosophic pessimism of "primarily educated" little girls in their teens, whose experience of things extends from the centre of a small selection to the circumference of a small district. After all, who but a king (I cannot believe it was Solomon, or what is the meaning of a venerable reputation and *la vraie gloire*?) would require to have committed the vast personal folly of palaces, fortresses, and cities before he found out that the existence of man or woman was altogether vanity?

But let me not leave this as the last figure struck in upon my hasty and inadequate sketch of the perfected sample, the genuine type. Let me try rather to fix it in the place which, despite its isolation, it is compelled to take in a civilization, which is to it at once so repellent and so fascinating. The following poem, which appeared in the last Christmas number of the *Bulletin*, under a pseudonym, and which is too excellent to be quoted in anything but its entirety, voices the gentler and sadder aspects of "The Sick Bushman in the City."

I had written him a letter which I had, for want of better
Knowledge, sent to where I met him down
the Lachlan, years ago.
He was shearing when I knew him, so I sent
the letter to him,
Just "on spec," addressed as follows,
"Clancy of 'The Overflow.'"

And an answer came, directed in a writing
unexpected,

(Which I think the same was written with a
thumb-nail dipped in tar).

'Twas his shearing mate who wrote it, and
verbatim I will quote it:

"Clancy's gone to Queensland droving, and
we don't know where he are."

In my wild erratic fancy visions came to me
of Clancy

Gone a-droving "down the Cooper" where
the western drovers go.

As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy
rides behind them singing,

For the drover's life has pleasures that the
townsfolk never know.

And the bush hath friends to meet him, and
their kindly voices greet him

In the murmur of the breezes and the river
on its bars,

And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit
plains extended,

And at night the wondrous glory of the
everlasting stars.

I am sitting in my dingy little office, where a
stingy

Ray of sunlight struggles feebly down be-
tween the houses tall,

And the fœtid air and gritty of the dusty,
dirty city

Through the open window floating, spreads
its foulness over all.

And in place of lowing cattle, I can hear the
fiendish rattle

Of the tramways and the 'busses making
hurry down the street,

And the language uninviting of the gutter
children fighting,

Comes fitfully and faintly through the cease-
less tramp of feet.

And the hurrying people daunt me, and their
pallid faces haunt me,

As they shoulder one another in their rush
and nervous haste,

With their eager eyes and greedy, and their
stunted forms and weedy,

For townsfolk have no time to grow, they
have no time to waste.

And I somehow rather fancy that I'd like to
change with Clancy,

Like to take a turn at droving where the
seasons come and go,

While he faced the round eternal of the cash-
book and the journal—

But I doubt he'd suit the office, Clancy of
"The Overflow."

Nothing more intimately Australian, nothing
so brimful of the sad, sweet charm of
the bush and the bush life, has been done
since the man who wrote "The Sick
Stockrider" went silent.

FRANCIS ADAMS.

From The New Review.

EXCURSION (FUTILE ENOUGH) TO PARIS;
AUTUMN 1851:

THROWN ON PAPER, WHEN GALLOPING, FROM SATURDAY TO TUESDAY, 4-7, 1851.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHELSEA, October 4th, 1851. — The day before yesterday, near midnight (Thursday, October 2nd), I returned from a *very* short and insignificant excursion to Paris, which, after a month at Malvern Water-cure and then a ten days at Scotsbrig, concludes my travel for this year. Miserable puddle and tumult all my travels are, of no use to me, except to bring agitation, sleeplessness, horrors, and distress! Better not to travel at all unless when I am bound to it. But this tour to Paris was a promised one; I had engaged to meet the Ashburtons (Lord and Lady) there on their return from Switzerland and Homburg, before either party left London: the times at last suited; all was ready except will on my part; so, after hesitation and painful indecision enough, I did resolve, packed my baggage again, and did the little tour I stood engaged for. Nothing otherwise could well be more ineffectual, more void of entertainment to me; but, in fine, it is done, and I am safe at home again. Being utterly weary, broken-down, and unfit for any kind of work, I will throw down my recollections of that sorry piece of travel, then fold the sheet or sheets together, and dismiss the business. *Allons donc.* I will date, and be precise, so far as I am able.

Monday, September 21st. — Brother John still here; he and I went to Chorley to consult about passports, routes, conditions, the journey being now, and not till now, resolved upon. John was to set out for Yorkshire and Annandale on the morrow, and so had special business of his own to attend to. For me Chorley recommended the route by Dieppe and Rouen; got me at the Reform Club a note of the packet and railway times (the former of which proved to be in error somewhat); could say nothing definite of passports. We are consulting Elliott at the Colonial Office. I was instantly taken across to the Foreign Office, close by in Downing Street, and there for 7s. 6d. got a passport, which, in spite of rumors and surmises, proved abundantly sufficient. Did no more that day that I can remember. Next morning early John awoke me, shook hands, and rapidly went, leaving me to my own reflections. How we come and go in this world! A rumor had arisen that my passport would require to be

visaed (if that is the word); that I must go to the City for this end; that, &c. I called on Chorley to consult; Chorley, his old mother having fallen suddenly ill, could not get away to see me even for a minute: laziness said, however, "Not to the City, don't!" At Chapman's shop, I learned that Robert Browning (poet) and his wife were just about setting out for Paris: I walked to their place, had, during that day and the following, consultations with these fellow pilgrims, and decided to go with them, by Dieppe, on Thursday; Wednesday had been my original day, but I postponed it for the sake of company who knew the way. Such rumors, such surmises; the air was thick with suppositions, guesses, cautions; each public office (Regent's Circus, Consul's House, or elsewhere) proclaimed its own plans, *denying*, much more ignoring, that there was any other plan. For very multitude of guide-posts you could not find your way! The Brownings, and their experience and friendly qualities, were worth waiting for during one day. *Thursday, September 24th*, at 10 a.m., I was to be at London Bridge Railway Station; there in person with portmanteau, and some English sovereigns: *das Weiter würde sich geben.*

Up accordingly on Thursday morning, in unutterable flurry and tumult of humor — phenomena on the Thames, all dream-like, one spectralism chasing another; to the station in good time; found the Brownings just arriving, which seemed a good omen. Fare to Paris, 22s., wonderful; thither and back "by return ticket" was but £1 12s. according to this route — such had been the effect on prices of this "Glass Palace," and the crowds attracted towards it. Browning with wife and child and maid, then I, then an empty seat for cloaks and baskets, lastly at the opposite end from me a hard-faced, honest Englishman or Scotchman, all in grey and with a grey cap, who looked rather ostrich-like, but proved very harmless and quiet; this was the loading of our carriage — and so away we went, Browning talking very loud and with vivacity, I silent rather, tending towards many thoughts. To Reigate the country was more or less known to me. Beautiful enough, still green, the grey, cool light resting on it, occasionally broken by bursts of autumn sun. Some half-score miles from Brighton our road diverges to the left; we make for "New-haven," the mouth of a small sea-canal, divided from Brighton by a pretty range of chalk hills. Chalk everywhere showing itself, grass very fine and green; fringes

of wood not in too great quantity; all neat, all trim, a pretty enough bit of English country, all English in character. Newhaven, a *new* place, rising fast as "haven" to the railways; our big solitary inn the main building in it; other dwelling-houses, coal-wharves, &c., chiefly on the opposite side of the channel, a channel of green, clear sea-water, hardly wider than a river; everything in a state of English trimness, and pleasant to look upon in the grey wind while we had nothing to do but smoke. Browning managed everything for me; indeed there was as yet nothing to manage. Our company numerous, but not quite a crowd; mostly French: operations (as to luggage, steamer, &c.) all orderly and quiet. At length, perhaps about half-past one p.m., we got fairly under way. — I should have said, a man with religious *tracts*, French, German, English, came on board; I took from him in all the three kinds (which served me well as waste paper); many refused, some (chiefly of the English) with anger and contempt. On the deck were benches, each with a back and hood covered with well-painted canvas, impenetrable to rain or wind; these proved very useful by-and-by. Stewards' assistants enough; especially one little French boy, in fine blue clothes and cap, who was most industrious among his countrywomen; *bigger* French gawky (very stupid-looking fellow this) tried to be useful, too, but couldn't much.

Our friends, especially our French friends, were full of bustle, full of noise at starting; but so soon as we had cleared the little channel of Newhaven, and got into the sea or British Channel, all this abated, sank into the general sordid torpor of sea-sickness, with *its* miserable noises, "Hoahah — hohh!" and hardly any other amid the rattling of the wind and sea. A sorry phasis of humanity. Browning was sick, lay in one of the benches horizontal, his wife, &c., below; I was not absolutely sick, but had to lie quite quiet, and without comfort, save in one cigar, for seven or eight hours of blustering, spraying, and occasional rain. Amused myself with French faces, and the successive prostration of the same — prostration into doleful silence, then evanition into utter darkness under some bench-tent whence was heard only the "Hoahah-hohh!" of vanquished despair. Pretty enough were some of them, not perfectly like *gentlemen* any one of them — indeed, that character of face I found of the utmost rarity in France generally. "Bourgeois," in clean clothes, if civil, rather

noisy manner. One handsome man of forty, olive complexion, black big eyes and beard, velvet cap without brim, stood long wrapped in copious blue cloak, and talked near me; at length sank silent and vanished. Other, of brown hair and beard, head wrapt in shawl, rather silent from the first, protruded his under lip in sick disgust, and vanished a little sooner. Third, of big figure, blind and with spectacles, strikingly reminded me of Jeffrey of *Cierthon* ("Robin Jeffrey," long since dead): he sat by the gunwale, spoke little, in preparation for the worst, and staid there. Inside the tent-benches all was "Hoahah-hohh!" and more sordid groaning and vomiting. Blankets were procurable if you made interest. Many once elegant Frenchmen lay wrapt in blankets, huddled into any corner with their heads hid. We had some sharp brief showers: darkness fell; nothing but the clank of the paddles, raving of the sea, and "Hoah-oh-hohh!" Our Scotch ostrich friend stood long afoot, hard as stick; at length he too disappeared in the darkness, and we heard him asking about "*Dipe*" (Dieppe), whether it was not yet near. Hard black elderly man came to smoke on the gunwale seat, near me; Captain forbade, stopped him, long foolish controversy in consequence; this was in daylight, and the ostrich had assisted: now it was only "*Dipe?*" in the seventh or eighth hour from starting. At length lighthouses appeared, and soon the lighthouse at the end of Dieppe pier; and we bounded into smooth water, into a broad basin, and saw houses and lamps all round it. Towards 9 p.m. by English time: put your watch *forward* a quarter of an hour, for that is French time which you have to do with now.

Hôtel de l'Europe, near the landing place, proved to be a second-rate hotel; but we got beds, a sitting-room, and towards 10 p.m. some very bad cold tea, and colder coffee. Browning was out in the *Douane*: we had all passed our persons through it, guided in by a rope-barrier, and shown our passports; now Browning was passing our luggage; brought it all in safe about half-past ten; and we could address ourselves to desired repose. Walked through some streets with my cigar: high-gaunt stone streets with little light but the uncertain moon's; sunk now in the profoundest sleep — at half-past ten. To bed in my upper room bemoaned by the sea, and small incidental noises of the harbor; slept till four; smoked from the window, grey cool morn-

ing, chalk cliff with caves beyond the harbor—France there and no mistake. If France were of much moment to me! Slept gradually again, a little while; woke dreaming confused things about my mother; ah me! At eight was on the street, in the clear sun, with my portmanteau lying packed behind me; to be back for breakfast at nine. Dieppe harbor is the mouth of a river, broad gap in the general chalk cliffs (bounded to east by the chalk of "caves" aforesaid; westward it stretches into a level down of some extent beyond Hôtel de l'Europe and the other houses); basin big, I know not how deep, has fine stout quays, drawbridges few, very few ships; range of high quaint old houses border it on two sides, the west (ours) and south, where is a market of fish, &c., and then the main part of the town; eastward is innocent fringed undulating green country (cliff of "caves" goes but a short way inland), northward is the sea. Walked south, with early cigar, into the interior of the town. Good broad street with *trottoirs*, with fair shops, and decent-looking population; very poor several of them, but none ragged, their old clothes all accurately patched—a thrifty people. Ragpickers; a sprinkling of *dandies* too; London dandy of ten years ago, with hands in coat pockets, and a small stick rising out from one of them! Bakers, naked from the waist, all but a flannel waistcoat and cotton night-cap; *horse-collar* loaves and of other straighter *cable* shapes, all *crust* and levity. Streets of fair cleanliness, water flowing in the gutters. Beards abundant. Rue d'Ecosse: thought of old Knox, how he was driven to "Deap" and from it. A *château*, with soldiers, is in the place, the *down* is fortified, and shows big cannon. Several big old churches; many fountains, at one of which I drank by help of a little girl and her caraffe. Besides the chief street (continuation of our Hôtel de l'Europe) there break off at least two others from the southern part of the harbor, and join with chief street in the interior; one of these is Rue d'Ecosse, very poor and dead, which I did not far survey. Near the harbor, between chief street and next, is a square, and general market-place (fruit, herrings, &c.); big old church, new statue of Duquesnoy ("ancien marin de cette ville," said a snuffy, rusty kind of citizen to me on my inquiry): a quaint old town of ten or fifteen thousand; fairly as good as Dumfries; immense *roofs*, two or sometimes three *storeys* in them; many houses built as *courts* with a street door; each house in

its own style: all very well to look upon, and good for a morning stroll. Breakfast was not much to brag of; tea cold, coffee colder, as before; butter good, bread eatable though of *crusty-sponge* texture. Browning and I strolled out along the quay we were upon, very windy towards the sea; sheer chalk cliffs some mile or two off, downs and straggly edifices close by. House given by "Napoleon le grand" to somebody there named: we inquired of three persons in vain for explanation of the inscription legible there; at length an old fisherman told us. The M. somebody had saved many persons from the sea: a distinguished member (or perhaps servant) of the Humane Society, which had its offices there within sight. *Très bien*. An immense, flaring crucifix stood aloft near the end of this quay: sentries enough, in red trousers, walked everywhere; a country ship, with fresh fish, came bounding in: we strolled back to pay our bill, and get ready for our start to Paris. Browning, as before, did everything; I sat out of doors on some logs at my ease, and smoked, looking over the population and their ways. Before eleven we were in the omnibus; facing towards the *Débarcadère* (rail *Terminus*), which is at the south-east corner of the harbor, a very smart, airy, but most noisy and confused place.

Maximum of fuss! The railway people, instead of running to get your luggage and self stowed away *quàm primum* and out of their road, *keep* you and it in hall after hall, weighing it, haggling over it, marching you hither, then thither; making an infinite hubbub. You cannot get to your carriages till the very last minute, and then you must plunge in head foremost. "They order these matters *worse* in France!" Browning fought for us, and we, that is the women, the child, and I, had only to wait and be silent. We got into a good carriage at last; we four, a calm young Frenchman in glazed hat, who was kind enough not to speak one word, and a rather pretty young lady of French type, who smiled at the child sometimes, but sat thoughtful for the rest and did not speak either. There was air enough, both my window and the other down; the air was fine, the country beautiful; and so away we rolled under good auspices again.

This rail, all but the *Terminus* department, is managed in the English fashion, and carried us excellently along. Country of bright, waving green character, undulating, our course often along brooks, by pleasant old country hamlets; many *manufactures* (spinning, I guessed), but of

most pleasant, clean, rustic character; wood enough on the hill sides, far too thick-planted; stations not *named*, you can only guess where you are. "Junction" by and by — from Havre probably — an open space without buildings as yet: an altogether beautiful, long, manufacturing village town to the left near by; without smoke or dirt visible, trees enough — might really be a model in Lancashire; the *Glos'tershire* railway scenes offer nothing much superior. Country all made of chalk, as in England (to near Paris, I think); fine velvet grass, *meadow* culture mainly; fine old humble parish churches; wood enough still, but twice or even thrice as thick as we allow it to be. Rouen in two hours: long tunnel, still stronger signs of cotton-bleaching, spinning, &c., then the big black steeples, thick heavy towers of cathedral and the rest — and here is Joan of Arc's last resting-place and the scene of many singular things. Distinguished still by the clearness of its air, the trees and gardens and pleasant meadow-looking places, which extended to the very entrance. No smoke to speak of; a lovely place compared with Manchester or the others of that region! It is true the press of business seemed a great deal more moderate. Our railway station, roofed with glass, was equal to the Carlisle one; "*buffet*" (refreshment room), &c., all in order; and they let us *smoke* under conditions. In twenty minutes some other train got in to join us; and we took our flight again through space.

Country still chalk: we cross and again cross the Seine river, swift but not bigger-looking than the Thames at Chelsea: fine hills, fine villages, with due fringing of wood; a really pleasant landscape for many a mile. Pass "*Vernon*," battle-scene of Convention with Charlotte Corday's people: not notable farther. Another town visible, all in white stone, and rural purity on my right. At Mantes we stop ten minutes; fine houses with their French windows and blinds hung over our station: "*Mantes, je crois, Monsieur!*" and away we go again. A "*swift*" method of travelling; swift and nothing more! The land, I observe, is all divided into *ribbons*; *petite culture* with a vengeance. Beans and *légumes* probably the chief growth. Ploughing shallow and ill-done: certainly the Seine valley, which ought to be one of the richest in the world, was not *well* cultivated, nor by this plan could it be. Copses are pretty frequent; at length we get into vineyards. But still the ribbon subdivision lasts; pleasant to the eye

only, not to the mind. Toward 4 p.m. see symptoms of approach to Paris: blunt height with something like a castle on it — guess to be St. Cloud: big arch of hard masonry to left of that — guess to be *l'Arc de l'Etoile*: right in both cases. At length Paris itself (4 p.m.), and we are safe in the terminus at our set hour.

Alas, it was still a long battle before our luggage could be got out; and a crowding, jingling, vociferous tumult, in which the brave Browning fought for us, leaving me to sit beside the women. It is *so* they manage in France; there are *droits de l'octroi*; there are — in fine, there is maximum of fuss, and much ado about almost nothing! Some other train was in the act of departing, as our poor women sat patiently waiting on their bench; and all was very fidgeting and very noisy. I walked out to smoke; one official permitted me, another forbade; I at length went into the street and sat down upon a *borne* to smoke; touters of hotels came round me: I am for the Hôtel Meurice, inflexibly fixed; *de grâce, Messieurs, laissez-moi en paix*; which at last they did. Cigar ended, I went in again, Browning still fighting (in the invisible distance) about nothing at all. Our luggage visible at last upon a distant counter, then Browning visible with report of a hackney coach: we think it is now over; rash souls, there is yet endless uproar among the porters, wishing to *carry* our luggage on a truck: we won't, they will: even Browning had at last grown heated; at length I do get a cab for myself and little trunk, certain French coins hastily from Browning, and roll away. Halt! Browning has my *key*; I have to turn back, and get it: happily this proves the last remover, and now I do get along and reach Meurice's — at five instead of four p.m.: Friday, September 25th, 1851. And here, it being now two o'clock, and the sun inviting, I will draw bridle, and stop for the present day.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

IN THE YEAR OF THE TERROR.

THE centenary of the French Revolution has evoked not a few interesting memoirs and recollections, which have been now published for the first time by the descendants of those who either played leading parts in its dramas or were among its many victims. The Duchesse de Duras, whose prison memories bear the somewhat lengthy title of "*Journal des*"

Prisons de mon Père, de ma Mère et des miennes," belonged to this latter category. True she survived the tempest and lived on amidst its after-wreckage to write down for her son this account of what had befallen her during her imprisonment, first at Chantilly, then at the Collège de Plessis in Paris, from which last place she was released in the October of 1794. But in that one year of the Terror she had outlived nearly all those relations and friends who had made life dear to her, and the free sunlight, though so welcome, shone for her as through a veil of crape. "Deliverance from my past misfortunes was sweet to me," she writes of the period of her release, "but at first I felt a disgust for everything. Accustomed to be surrounded by affection, the idea of my loneliness overwhelmed me." Her parents, the Maréchal Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy, with whom Mme. de Duras had lived up to the time of her arrest, and whose fate for good or ill she had vainly endeavored to share at the Luxembourg, had been guillotined a few months before on June 26th, 1794. Many in that fierce day of retribution died well and bravely who had lived ill, but these two old people died as they had lived, in charity towards all men and at peace with God; and that lives which had so nearly run their earthly course should thus perish seemed perhaps less tragic than the like fate which a little later had befallen her young and much loved sister-in-law Louise de Noailles. Monsieur le Vicomte, the latter's husband, was safe in America, and she left three children to face the world orphaned and alone but for the devotion of their tutor M. Grelet, of whom more hereafter.

M. Anatole France in his "Vie Littéraire," remarks justly that "une autobiographie ne doit rien à la mode, on n'y cherche que la vérité humaine." There is a great deal of that truth to be found in Mme. de Duras's recollections. They are extremely well worth reading, in spite of what she herself calls their "platitudes and negligence of style," a plain, unvarnished tale of a good woman's patient endurance of wholly unmerited misfortune. Yet her experiences both of small privations and bitter sorrows do not in their narration differ materially from those of many others of that time whose memoirs have long since passed into the realm of history, and her "notes," as she calls them, only occupy about half the volume. The rest is filled by some deeply interesting documents concerning other members

of her family; the narrative of Mme. Latour, a friend, who having escaped arrest herself insisted, so long as she was permitted, on sharing the imprisonment of the Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy and trying to soften the hardships of their lot, and the last letters and testament of Louise de Noailles who, with her grandmother the old Maréchale de Noailles (Marie Antoinette's Madame l'Etiquette) and her mother the Duchesse d'Ayen, was guillotined on July 22nd, 1794. Their remains shared the common lot, and were mingled with those of criminals in the cemetery of the Picpus; but Mme. de Duras was able to be one of the first who on the restoration of the Church had masses sung for their souls, and she received every detail of their last moments and death from the lips of a priest, M. Carrichon, who had run considerable risk by following the tumbrils to the place of execution, in order that concealed among the crowd of mere spectators and carefully disguised he might give the prisoners their last absolution.

His simple yet very graphic account of what he saw and did on that day so fatal in the annals of the De Noailles family, throws a painfully vivid and personal light on events with which one is already vaguely familiar. He wrote down his experiences immediately after their occurrence and they are published at the end of "Le Journal des Prisons" under the title of "The story of an eye-witness of the 22nd day of July, 1794."

The old Maréchale de Noailles, her daughter-in-law the Duchesse d'Ayen, and her granddaughter the Vicomtesse de Noailles, were imprisoned together in their hotel from September, 1793, to the following April. During the whole of that time M. Carrichon visited Mme. d'Ayen and her daughter once a week, and as the Terror grew with its crimes and the tale of its victims increased, these three friends exhorted each other to be prepared. And one day, with a kind of presentiment, the priest said to them: "If you go to the guillotine, and God gives me strength to do it, I will accompany you."

The two women took him at his word and begged him eagerly to then and there promise solemnly that he would render them this last service. He avows frankly that he hesitated for a moment, more clearly conscious than they could be of the frightful risk he would run and the possible uselessness of the sacrifice; and then he assented, adding that in order that they might not fail to recognize him he would

wear a dark blue coat and a red waistcoat. The time for redeeming a pledge of which they often reminded him came all too soon. In April, 1795, a week after Easter, the three ladies were removed to the Luxembourg and M. Carrichon's direct communication with them ceased entirely. But he continued to hear news of them through M. Grelet, the young tutor to whom Louise de Noailles had confided her three children, two boys and a girl, and whose tender, faithful devotion to her and hers was the one bright spot in her fast darkening days, the last and sweetest consolation of her life. Nothing can be more beautiful and touching in the way of friendship and affection than the bond which united these two; an affection which held in it something of the sisterly and motherly element, since Mme. de Noailles by right of a very few years seniority calls him her dear child and her adopted son. Hers was a singularly sweet and noble nature. One reads that clearly in her last letters to her husband and children, and every one, including Mme. de Duras, who mention her in the pages of these records, speak of her as "that angel." She was beautiful as well as good and charming, and the love of her husband's family as well as of her own seems to have been centred in her. What manner of man M. le Vicomte was we know not; the only mention of him is contained in his wife's farewell letter, written at the Luxembourg and sent under cover of one to M. Grelet with the simple remark, "The few words I inclose are for Louis." They run thus:—

You will find a letter from me, my friend, written at different times and very badly put together. I should like to have re-written it and added many things, but that has not been possible here. I can then only renew to you the assurance of that most tender feeling for you of the existence of which you know already and which will follow me beyond the grave. You will be aware in what situation I have found myself, and you will learn with consolation that God has taken care of me, that he has sustained my strength and my courage, that the hope of obtaining your salvation, your eternal happiness and that of my children by the sacrifice of my life, has encouraged and will encourage me in its most terrible moments. I place in your hands these dear children, who have been the consolation of my life, and who will I hope be yours. I have confidence that you will only seek to strengthen in them the principles which I have tried to inculcate; they are the only source of true happiness, and the only means of attaining to it. There remains for me, my friend, one last request to make to you, which will, I believe,

be superfluous when you know it. It is to conjure you with the utmost earnestness never to separate from these children M. Grelet whom I leave near them. I charge my dear Alexis to tell you all we owe to him. There is no care and no softening of my lot that I have not at all times owed to him, particularly since I have been in prison. He has served as father and mother to those poor children; he has devoted himself and sacrificed himself for them and for me in the most painful circumstances with a tenderness and courage we shall never be able to repay. The sole consolation I carry with me is to know that my children are in his hands. You will not frustrate it my friend, and I have firm confidence that you will regard this wish of mine as sacred.

Yet underneath her confidence seems to have lain a latent anguish of unacknowledged doubt, for with the letters she incloses to M. Grelet her last brief testament, in which she gives her children into his care in even more formal and urgent terms. "They tell me it will be valid," she adds pathetically.

The last note she wrote before her execution was to the tutor, to thank him for his successful efforts to send her some linen and a few other necessities.

I have received all that you sent me, my dear child, and I thank you a thousand thousand times, and never cease saying to you as the poor do: May God reward you! It is and will be the cry of my heart from up above as from the bottom of the abyss. I was wrong to say yesterday "*the mother and the children*," I should have said as I say now with all my heart, Your mother and your brothers. . . . Without you what would have become of them?

Farewell dear, dear children. I embrace you as tenderly as I love you.

(Signed)

LOUISE NOAILLES.

Everything in the Vicomtesse de Noailles' conduct, and all her utterances bear witness to the dignity and beauty of a character, which, if not exceptional, at least serves to remind us that there were women of that period other in heart and soul,—court ladies and *grandes dames*, though they too might be—from the frivolous, curious, sceptical, light-natured beings, the minutiae of whose dress and deportment along with their incurable levity lives for us in the pages of the De Goncourt's "*Femme au XVIII^{ème} Siècle*," and elsewhere. And it is well to be thus reminded that in spite of those faults and follies which helped to bring about *le grand débâcle*, pure and brave spirits were to be found, whose actions and example in part redeemed their time,

though they themselves were swept away and perished in its flood.

But to return to M. Carrichon's narrative. In June of that terrible summer, M. Grelet came to ask him whether he would render the same service he had promised to Madame de Noailles to her father and mother-in-law the old *Maréchal* de Mouchy and his wife. The priest went immediately to the Palais de Justice, where the prisoners had been moved, and succeeded in penetrating into the courtyard where all the condemned were assembled. Those he especially sought were close to him under his eyes for more than a quarter of an hour, but he had only once before seen M. and Madame de Mouchy, and though he knew them, they were not able to distinguish him. What he could he did for them, "by the inspiration and with the help of God;" and he heard the brave old soldier praying aloud with all his heart, and was told by others that the evening before, as they left the Luxembourg and their fellow-prisoners pressed round them with expressions of sympathy, the marshal made answer, "At seventeen I mounted the breach for my king; at seventy-eight I go to the scaffold for my God. Friends, I am not unfortunate."

On this occasion M. Carrichon thought it useless to attempt to follow the convoy to the guillotine, and he augured ill for the fulfilment of the promise made to Louise de Noailles. She and her mother had been with the De Mouchys to the last, doing their best to serve and solace them, and he knew now that their turn to go might be very near. Yet all through the dreary month that followed the tumbrils rolled daily, and heads fell by the score, and his friends still lived.

The 22nd of July fell on a Tuesday, and early in the morning, between eight and ten o'clock, just as M. Carrichon was going out, he heard a knock and, on opening the door, saw the young De Noailles and their tutor. The boys were merry with the light-heartedness of their age and from ignorance of their situation, but the haggard sadness expressed in M. Grelet's face told the priest at once that the blow had fallen. Leaving the children, he drew him into an inner room, where, flinging himself wearily into a chair, the young man told him that the three ladies De Noailles had gone before the revolutionary tribunal and that he came to summon him to keep his promise. He himself was going to take the two boys to Vincennes, where their little sister, Euphémie, of four years old, had been left in charge of friends, and

during the walk through the woods he intended to prepare the unhappy children for their terrible loss.

The previous evening, at half past seven, M. Grelet had gone as usual to the Luxembourg, to take Madame de Noailles a parcel of necessities for her use. Arrived at the bottom of the Rue de Tournon he had seen to his consternation a large crowd of men and women collected at the doors of the prison. He left his parcel at a shop in the adjoining street where a woman lived who was a friend of the Duchesse d'Ayen's waiting-maid, and continued his road. On joining the crowd he had little difficulty in guessing what had attracted it, when he caught sight of a large, uncovered cart with benches fastened across it. He knew at once that it must be intended to convey the prisoners who were destined for the morrow's butchery to the fatal Conciergerie, and with a shudder of horror a presentiment came over him that those he sought would be among the victims. He determined to wait the departure of the prisoners, and slipping through the press got as near to the door as possible.

In a few minutes a gaoler came out and catching sight of him said, "Off with you! they are in it." But he did not go. The heart-breaking thought that it was the last time he should see them held him fast. The gaoler went in again, and a very short time after the doors opened and the prisoners appeared, preceded by two *gendarmes*. Madame de Noailles came first of their party. She passed close to M. Grelet, took his hand and pressed it affectionately in token of farewell. A *gendarme* saw the gesture. Madame d'Ayen and the old *maréchale* came next, and they were helped up into the cart, followed by five or six women and as many men as it would contain. Then M. Grelet left his post, and tried to mingle unperceived with the crowd, but till their convoy started Madame de Noailles' eyes followed him. It was impossible to pack all the prisoners into the cart, and about fifteen or so had to follow it on foot with an escort. During these preparations for their transport Louise de Noailles' beseeching glance caught her friend's, and joining her two hands she bent her fair head and made sign to him to pray, then, lifting it, she pointed with her fingers towards heaven, and made the gesture of benediction in his direction. The crowd began to look about in search of the person to whom these signs were addressed, and M. Grelet appeared to seek too, as if they had not

been meant for him, for he well knew how compromising they were. At last, after half an hour's waiting, the prisoners started, and he determined to follow them as far as the Conciergerie. In the middle of the Rue de Condé, at a place where it was very narrow and both cart and crowd were close against the houses, Mme. de Noailles, who had not for a moment lost sight of him, raised her hand and gave him three benedictions, — it was the number of her children. This imprudence, of the rashness of which she was herself unaware, was nearly bringing fresh disasters on him and consequently on those she loved best. Just as they were crossing the Pont Neuf, M. Grelet heard a gendarme say behind him: "I arrest you; I recognize you." He took to his heels, and ran across the Quai des Lunettes. It was about eight o'clock and the workmen were leaving their shops. They thought he was an escaped prisoner and tried to stop him, but he hit them aside with his cane, and rushed on, only to reach the Quai des Orfèvres where he tripped and fell, and was seized by two workmen who held him till the gendarme came up, when he made no further effort at flight. A man, who happened to be there, said he was a *juge de paix*, and inquired why he was being arrested. The gendarme said he had been trying to communicate with the prisoners, and M. Grelet thought it useless to try to justify himself. While he was being led by his captor to the prefecture of police, he saw in the distance Mme. de Noailles and her fellow-prisoners entering the prison of the Conciergerie.

He was first put into a cell where there was a little light, and he took that opportunity to destroy whatever compromising papers he had about him, and found that fortunately he had with him his *carte de sûreté*, which had been given him a few days before. He had hardly finished partly tearing up, and partly swallowing the papers, when a gaoler appeared and, ordering him to follow, conducted him to a smaller and completely dark dungeon closed by an iron door, where, seated on a stone bench, the young man passed some profoundly wretched hours, tortured by the recollection of Mme. de Noailles's imminent and certain fate, torn by his anxiety for the poor children who, in the event of anything happening to him, would be left utterly destitute, and who were now awaiting his return in their father's old apartments in the Hotel Noailles-Mouchy. Then, overcome by the agony of the present moment and the dread of

the morrow, he flung himself on his knees and prayed with despairing fervor.

About ten o'clock the gaoler came back, this time accompanied by an officer who demanded his card. "Will you let me tell you how it happened and why I am here?" asked M. Grelet. And then he simply related the exact truth; how he had been near the Luxembourg as the prisoners came out, and that one of them in passing had pressed his hand, but that they had not exchanged a single word. The officer listened attentively, then went away, taking the card with him and leaving the tutor with his anxieties redoubled. He felt persuaded that they would now go at once to the Hotel Mouchy, and in searching it would find his correspondence with Mme. de Noailles, in which case his death-warrant was signed. But the strain did not last long. The officer soon returned and said curtly, "There's your card, be off with you, and don't come so close again," — words which caused him a moment's brief joy, as he thus unexpectedly regained his liberty.

His joy could not last long, darkened by the thought that he was leaving Mme. de Noailles in the ante-chamber of death; but he got back to her children at midnight, and in the early morning while they still slept, he went out to the Rue des Saints-Pères, and found a certain Father Brun, a brave and devoted man whom he knew to be in the habit of following all the tumbrils to the scaffold, praying for the prisoners and giving them the last absolution, and told him that his friends would be among that day's victims. M. Grelet was evidently afraid that something unforeseen might prevent M. Carrichon from keeping his promise to the De Noailles, and he was determined that they should not be deprived of that last consolation. And here the priest's narrative comes in, and tells the remainder of the story, — of how nearly he failed to keep his promise, and of how at last he was enabled to fulfil it.

Once alone with his reflections, after M. Grelet and the children had gone, M. Carrichon felt utterly appalled at the prospect of the task he had undertaken. Nothing gives a fresher stamp of truth and vivid reality to his simple narration than the betrayal of his own irresolution which is more than once repeated in its pages. He was a good man, but no hero. A man of heart, but not a man of strong nerves; and, having tried it once, he was keenly aware of the tremendous nature of the risk he ran, compared with the very slight

chance there could be of succeeding in his mission. This psychological characteristic, which cannot fairly be called want of courage, certainly adds something to M. Carrichon's own account of that day's events. It makes one feel so intensely the passionate struggle, which up to the last moment went on in his mind, between the natural instinct of self-preservation and the earnest desire to do his duty by those who had confided their spiritual welfare to him while they were still at ease and in safety.

"My God!" he cried aloud in his distress of mind, "have pity alike on them and on me!"

Then the priest disguised himself as agreed, and went out. He transacted some business of his own first, carrying about with him everywhere a heart of lead, and between one and two o'clock went to the Palais de Justice. He was not allowed to enter, but he contrived to ask a few questions of some who had just come from the tribunal, and their answers dispelled the last illusions of hope. He could doubt the horrible truth no longer. His business next took him to the Faubourg Saint Antoine, and it was not till nearly five o'clock that he returned with slow, lagging, irresolute steps, desiring in his heart either not to arrive in time, or else not to find there those who so much desired his presence.

When he reached the palace, nothing as yet announced the departure of the prisoners. For nearly an hour he waited, at once the shortest and the longest hour of his life, pacing the great hall in an agony of anxiety, and glancing from time to time into the court below to see what preparations were going forward. At length, about six o'clock, a noise of opening doors struck on his strained ears. He went down hurriedly, and placed himself as near as possible to the grating that barred the entrance to the prison. For the last fortnight no one had been allowed within the courtyard on these occasions. The first cart was filled, and came slowly towards him. It contained eight ladies, all personally unknown to him; but in the last of their number he recognized the old Maréchale de Noailles, and the sight of her, alone without her daughter-in-law or her granddaughter, revived within him a ray of hope. It was instantly quenched. They were together in the last cart. Mme. de Noailles, girlishly young and fair, looking scarcely twenty-four, all in white, which she had worn as mourning since the death of her father and mother-in-law,

M. and Mme. de Mouchy, and Mme. d'Ayen in a striped *deshabille* of blue and white. Six men mounted the cart, and M. Carrichon noticed that the two first placed themselves at a little distance from the two ladies with an air of respect, as if with the desire to give them a brief spell of privacy.

Hardly were they seated when Mme. de Noailles began to show her mother a tender, eager solicitude, which caught the attention of the bystanders. "Do you see that young one," the priest heard some one near him say, "how she moves about and talks to the other?"

Then he perceived that the prisoners' eyes were searching for him, and from their expressions he seemed to hear their whispered words: "Mother, he is not there;" "Look again;" "Nothing escapes me; I assure you he is not there."

They had forgotten — poor souls! — in their acute anxiety a fact of which he had sent them warning, that he could not possibly enter the courtyard. The first cart remained close to him for at least a quarter of an hour. Directly it began to move on, the other started, and M. Carrichon made ready. It passed, and neither saw him. He re-entered the Palais de Justice, made a long detour, and placed himself in a conspicuous place at the opening of the Pont au Change. Mme. de Noailles gazed round in all directions, but by a curious fatality missed him again. He followed them the length of the bridge, separated from them by the crowd, but still in fairly close proximity. Mme. de Noailles sought the whole time, yet did not perceive him. Mme. d'Ayen's face began to wear an extreme disquietude, and her daughter redoubled her attention, but in vain. Then the priest confesses that he felt tempted to renounce his dangerous mission. "I have done all I can," he said to himself. "Everywhere else the crowd will be even greater. It cannot be done, and I am tired to death."

He was just about to desist and retrace his steps, when the sky grew dark, and a distant murmur of thunder was heard. A sudden impulse made him determine to try again. By short cuts and back ways he contrived to reach the street of Saint Antoine before the tumbrils, at a spot nearly opposite the too famous prison of La Force. And now the wind rose and the brooding storm burst in all its fury, with lightning and thunder and torrents of rain. The priest withdrew beneath a doorway, standing on the step of a shop, which was ever after present to his mem-

ory and which he never could see again without emotion. In one instant the street was swept clear of all spectators; every one had run under cover or up into the windows, and the line of march in the advancing procession became broken and disordered. The horsemen and the foot guards moved along quicker, and the carts also. In another minute they were close to the Little Saint Antoine, and M. Carrichon was still undecided what to do.

The first cart passed him, and then an uncontrollable, involuntary inspiration made him hastily leave the doorway and advance toward the second. He found himself close to it and quite alone, with Mme. de Noailles smiling down at him with a radiant smile of welcome that seemed to say: "Ah! there you are at last; how glad we are!" Then she called her mother's attention to him, and the poor woman's failing spirit revived. And with that brave action all the priest's own agony of irresolution passed away and left him strong and peaceful. By the grace of God he felt himself filled with an extraordinary courage to do and dare the utmost. Drenched with sweat and rain he thought no more of that, or of any outward things, and continued to walk beside them. On the steps of the College of St. Louis he perceived a friend — Father Brun of the Oratory — also seeking to render them his last service of consolation, and to express his respect and attachment. The latter's face and attitude showed all he felt on seeing them thus on their road to death, and as M. Carrichon passed him he touched him on the shoulder, saying with a thrill of inexpressible emotion, "Bon soir, mon ami!"

Here there was a square into which several streets ran, and at this point the storm was at its height and the wind at its wildest. The ladies in the first carriage were very much discomfited by it, especially the Maréchale de Noailles. Her big cap was blown off, her head and grey hair exposed, while she and all the others swayed to and fro in the tempest on their miserable benches without any backs, and their hands tied behind them. A number of people who had collected there in spite of the storm, recognized the well-known face of the great court lady, and fixed all their attention on her, adding to her torment with insulting cries. "There she is!" they shrieked — "that maréchale, who used to cut such a dash and drive in such a grand chariot — in the cart like all the rest!" The noise continued and followed them, while the sky grew

darker and the rain more violent. They reached the square before the Faubourg Saint Antoine. M. Carrichon moved on ahead to reconnoitre, and swiftly decided that here at last was the best place to accord the prisoners that which they so greatly desired. The second cart was going a little slower, and, stopping short, he turned towards its occupants making a sign which Mme. de Noailles perfectly understood and communicated to her mother. Then, as the two women bent their heads, "with an air of repentance, hope, and piety," the priest raised his hand and with covered head pronounced, distinctly and with concentrated attention, the whole formula of absolution and the words that follow it. All thought of self was obliterated in the solemn joy of that moment. Then the sky cleared and the rain ceased, and as the carts advanced into the faubourg a curious mocking crowd assembled to watch them pass. The ladies in the first one were heaped with insults, the maréchale especially, but no one said a word to Mme. d'Ayen and her daughter. M. Carrichon continued to accompany them on their dreary road, sometimes beside them, sometimes a little in advance. By the Abbaye Saint Antoine he met a young man whom he knew, a priest whose integrity he had reason to suspect, and for an instant was in great fear of being recognized. But he passed without notice, and at last they arrived at the fatal spot. Then, at sight of the guillotine — at the knowledge that in a few minutes more all these helpless victims of blind rage would one after another pass out of life under its pitiless stroke, a fresh agony of horror and despair swept over the priest's sad heart. He thought most of those he knew and loved, but he thought also of others, unknown to him, men and women perishing cruelly, unavailingly, in their prime, of the children orphaned, and the homes made desolate forever.

The carts stopped and the guards surrounded them, with a crowd of spectators, for the most part laughing, jesting, and amusing themselves over the details of the harrowing scene. To be forced to see it all, to stand among them, and to listen to the fierce ferocity of their light remarks, was an experience whose memory a man might well carry engraved on his heart to his dying day!

While the executioner was helping the ladies out of the first cart Mme. de Noailles's eyes were seeking for the priest's face, and having found it, dwelt there with looks full of sweet gratitude to

him, and tender farewell to all those dear ones passed out of her sight forever. M. Carrichon drew his hat down over his eyes so as to attract as little notice as possible, but kept them fixed on her. The mob had grown satiated on the subject of youth, beauty, and innocence mounting the scaffold, and it was not so much these characteristics of Louise de Noailles that attracted its fickle attention, as her air of radiant serenity, the expression of a soul whose triumphant faith has looked grim death in the face, and for whom its bitterness is overpast. "Ah! that young one, how content she is! How she lifts her eyes to heaven! How she prays! But what good will that do her?" Then, as if the sight of a spirit in that frail body they could not touch, a fortitude and courage they could not conquer, a last degradation of suffering they could not inflict, stirred them to dull fury, came the savage murmur, "Ah! les scélérats de calotins!"

The last farewells were then exchanged, and the final act of the hideous drama was played out under the priest's shrinking, yet fascinated eyes. He left the spot where he had been standing, and went round to the other side where he found himself facing the rough, wooden steps that led up to the scaffold. Against them leant an old man with white hair, a *fermier général* some one said—a lady he did not know—and just opposite to him the old Maréchale de Noailles, clad in black taffetas, was sitting on a block of stone, waiting with fixed, wide-open eyes for her turn to come. All the others were ranged in two lines on the side looking towards the Faubourg Saint Antoine. From where M. Carrichon now stood he could only see Mme. d'Ayen. Her anxiety was at rest now, and her whole attitude expressed a simple and resigned devotion in the sacrifice she was about to offer to God through the merits of her Saviour. The Maréchale de Noailles went third to that altar of sacrifice. The executioners had to cut away part of her dress to uncover her neck sufficiently, and at this point the priest felt an intense longing to go away. But he was determined now to drink the cup to its last dregs, to keep his word to the bitter end, since God had given him strength to control himself even while shuddering with dread. Six ladies followed her, and the tenth victim was Mme. d'Ayen, content to die before her daughter, as the daughter was content to die after her mother. The executioner pulled off her cap, and, as there was a pin in it she had forgotten to take out,

he wrenched her hair violently, causing a sharp expression of pain to cross her calm face. And then with quickened poignancy of emotion the priest watched Louise de Noailles's slender white figure mount the steps. "She looked much younger than she really was, like a little, gentle lamb going to the slaughter." There was the same trouble with her headdress as with her mother's, but in a moment her face recovered its sweet composure. "Oh! how happy she is now!" I cried inwardly as they threw her body down into its ghastly coffin. "May the almighty and merciful God reunite us all in that dwelling place where there will be no more revolutions, in that country which, as St. Augustine said, will have 'Truth for its King, Charity for its Law, Eternity for its term.'"

From Temple Bar.

"THE COMPLEAT ANGLER."

"While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,
Shall live the name of Walton—sage benign!"

"A RAINY evening to read this following discourse" is not now necessary as an excuse for taking down from its honored place on our shelves the quaint little treatise of good old Isaak Walton, which, for more than two hundred years, has, on account of its genial philosophy and natural piety, been the delight and solace of all "civil, quiet, honest men."

Deservedly popular at all times, its freshness and simplicity have, in our hurrying, restless life of to-day, an additional charm and attraction; while the deeper thoughts which pervade its pleasant fancies ever teach anew those true lessons of patience and contentment which too often are neglected and despised. Regarded only as an early record of the skill and practice of our forefathers, Walton's work would have been prized by all true fishermen, but would not have retained its hold on the affections of all classes had it contained nothing more. Its literary charms can, however, be appreciated quite apart from its merits as an authority on sport, and our admiration for the former may well condone any deficiencies which our greater experience may find in the latter.

Making, as he tells us, "a recreation of a recreation," Walton discourses lovingly of his favorite pursuit, and mixing "innocent, harmless mirth" with the technical details of his subject, produced a simple

pastoral, surpassed by nothing in the language, which will deservedly hold its own to all time as an English classic.

Although a fisherman all his life, "The Compleat Angler" was the child of Walton's mature age, the first edition appearing in 1653. In this the dialogue is sustained by Piscator and Viator, in the manner afterwards adopted by Cotton in his second part. In 1655 this was followed by a second edition, in which Auceps and Venator take the place of Viator, thus enabling the author to contrast the three different classes of sport followed by men, in an argument of which Piscator has of course the last word.

The popularity of the work, added probably to Walton's love of research, prompted him to issue two more editions, in 1664 and 1668, and in 1676, the fifth, or final edition from the author's own hand, was published. This book contained more matter than any of its predecessors, and is in the form that we know so well.

To it was added the second part by Charles Cotton, dealing exclusively with the art of fly-fishing in the clear streams of Dovedale, and containing more exact details of that branch of his subject than are given by Walton. Very dissimilar were the dispositions of the two men, and it seems to us at this time evidence of Walton's good nature and modesty, as well as love for his favorite sport, that he should have thought of inviting, or at least accepting, the co-operation of a writer with whom he could have had so little in common.

Professor Morley has very truly said that "the same music could not come from two men, one of whom wrote the lives of Hooker and George Herbert, and the other 'Virgil Travestie.'" Walton's pastoral is unique, and it jars on our sense of fitness to have the work of another hand added to it. Cotton's authorship in this connection shines with a borrowed light, but at a later period he established his reputation by the translation of "Montaignes Essay's," a work which his "most worthy father and friend" did not live to see.

After Walton's death in 1683, his disciples appear for many years to have been contented with the editions published by himself, and it was not until 1750 that another saw the light. In that year Dr. Moses Brown, at the suggestion of Dr. Johnson, took upon himself, not only to edit, but also to improve, "The Compleat Angler." This task, a modern writer says, he performed "with gusto," and in doing

so, "pruned and polished his author's style to adapt him to the over-refined and artificial taste of the day; a sacrilege all reverent lovers of old Isaak will find it hard to condone." Brown's own opinion of his duty as an editor we gather from his preface, in which he says, "some few inaccuracies and redundancies have insinuated themselves, which I should be injurious to him as his editor not to retrench and prune away;" and further adds that he has been modest and sparing in his touches!

Heterodox as Dr. Johnson's opinions on rural pursuits may have been, he was a true lover of Walton and his works, and we can hardly imagine that he regarded with equanimity the polishing process of his selected editor. Rather we should prefer to think of him, like Lamb at a later date, as anathematizing the hapless author of "Piscatory Eclogues" in his choicest manner, and, it may be, regretting that he had not undertaken the task himself. Brown followed up this edition by a second one in 1759, in which all the songs are set to music composed by himself, and this luckily is the last we hear of any tampering with the text of Walton's work. After Brown's second edition, appeared that of Hawkin's, which may be considered the foundation of all our modern ones. Since that date, edition after edition has been given to the world, till, a short time ago, the centenary was announced, and the cry, to the credit of editors and readers is "still they come."

Only one foreign edition has been noted in the "Chronicles of the Complete Angler," and that a German one, published at Hamburg in 1835. Since the days of Dr. Brown, who has luckily had no followers, Walton's editors may be roughly divided into three classes, the chief aim of whose work has been either literary, piscatory, or a mixture of both.

The former have, in copious notes, marked down his quotations, tracked his allusions, and identified his authorities. They have discussed with warmth the authorship of the "Milkmaid's Song," and have puzzled their readers and themselves over the pedigree and personality of "Honest Nat Roe."

The second class have ridiculed his theories of natural history and questioned his facts; criticised his baits and tackle by the light of modern practice, and have treated the world to their own views on the subject of catching fish.

In the third category, we have editions which are perhaps more acceptable than

any others, as presenting the simple text with little show of erudition or technical detail in their notes, which are generally few and to the point.

No full edition is considered complete without illustrations, probably for the reason that Walton's own work contained "the excellent picture of the trout" which he so modestly commended. The scenery of the Thames and Lea doubtless afford many tempting "bits" for the artist's pencil, but the appearance and attitudes of Walton's disciples, who are sometimes introduced into them, make it desirable that, to achieve success, his illustrator should be a fisherman, even if the editor need not.

Like many other books, whose chief charm lies in natural simplicity and plain teaching, "The Compleat Angler" is best edited by being left alone. No notes are necessary to explain its fundamental truths, while technical details can be studied in more modern treatises, or as Walton urges, are better learnt from practical experience.

Rude as Walton's tackle may appear to us now, it sufficed for a period when men were patient and fish undisturbed, and to add to his text elaborate notes and illustrations of our more improved methods is distracting rather than instructive, and it takes greatly from the pleasure of studying his simple and quaint reflections to regard his work as only an indifferent kind of text-book. From a literary point of view the case is different. Walton refers in his text to a large number of his numerous friends and contemporaries, as well as to many authors whose works are now but little known, and a few carefully selected notes illustrating their works or lives may be of interest to the general reader.

It has often been a subject of regret and astonishment that so little should be now known of Walton's own life and career. Doubtless it is a disappointment to many that the pen, which "dropped from an angel's wing," has so ably and faithfully told us the lives of others, and given us all that was good and noble in the career of "statesman, priest, or humble citizen," should have left so few details regarding the author's own history.

Very consoling, however, is the fact, that all we do know of him is good and worthy, and that the calm and even tenor of his life, pure and gentle as the flowing waters of his beloved streams, is reflected more truly in his own writings than it could have been handed down to us in those of

another. And after all, what more need we know of the life of a good and true man than is recorded of Walton. An industrious and uneventful manhood, a serene and peaceful old age, blessed with domestic happiness and worthy friendships; and, fitting end to all, a quiet resting-place near murmuring streams; such simple annals need no panegyric.

Of his parentage, education, and early life little is recorded, nor does he in his writings allude to them, beyond a casual mention of Shawford Brook, where as a boy he doubtless graduated in the art he loved so well. Here we may imagine him capturing his first minnow, of which he afterwards writes with lingering affection, as affording "excellent sport for young anglers." We may be sure that his feelings on such an occasion were quite equal to those with which he landed the big trout of twenty-two inches, on which brother Peter and his companions supped with such satisfaction.

Walton's business in London has been variously stated and much discussed. Whatever its nature, it was a prosperous and profitable one, enabling him to retire to his native place when about fifty years of age, and to settle there on a small property of his own. That he was contented with a moderate competency, is shown by his pitying remarks on "poor rich men," and the troubles they voluntarily suffer in the struggle for wealth. His career in London, though modest and uneventful, was honorable and full of interest. In the intervals of business his leisure was fully occupied by literary research or in the pursuit of his favorite recreation by sedgy Lea or silvery Thames; while the cultivation of many lasting friendships kept him in touch with his fellow-men.

Dr. Johnson has expressed his surprise that Walton, "who was in a very low situation in life, should have been familiarly received by so many great men." There is a touch of spite in this remark unworthy of its author's innate love of justice; and a little reflection should have convinced him of its inappropriateness. In what manner Walton became connected with the trade he followed we have no means of knowing, but that his social position was above that assigned him by Johnson is tolerably certain. The position of the families of Cranmer and Ken, into which he married, gave him a fair claim to be received on familiar terms of equality by the many men of distinction whom he mentions in his works. We have, on the contrary, the authority of a contemporary that

he was "a man well known, and as well beloved of all good men;" and the affectionate manner in which he speaks of such men as Wotton, Donne, and Sheldon clearly shows that he met them on terms of friendly equality. As an adept in the "mysteries of the rod and line," his acquaintance was no doubt sought by men of similar tastes, but this does not alone account for his popularity. His piety, general attainments, and genial disposition, must have endeared him to many who were not anglers, though no doubt his deepest affections were given to those who could sympathize in his pursuits. That Walton's own character was truly depicted in this work, we know on the authority of a relative and contemporary, who says:—

This book is so like you, and you like it,
For harmless mirth, expression, art, and wit.

To which he might well have added other and higher virtues.

It is somewhat remarkable that Walton, living in such stirring times as he did, should only have made faint allusions to events which we now imagine must have absorbed all other interests in men's minds. So staunch an upholder of Church and State must have been greatly moved by the troubles that were passing around him, but supported by the patient piety which was his strong characteristic, he passed unscathed through the storms which wrecked the lives of so many others. Contented at the close of his day's work to leave the bustle and turmoil of the city for the pursuit of his "loved pastime," and to devote his leisure to

reverend watching of each still report
That nature utters from her rural shrine.

Walton found no time for angry strife, or polemical discussion. His credulity regarding the facts of natural history with which he seasons his discourse has been much and rather needlessly criticised. Precise observation of natural phenomena did not then much exercise men's minds, though they were gradually being drawn to it by that great philosopher with whose works Walton appears to have been well acquainted. Certainly he took many astounding statements on trust from Gesner, Du Bartas, and others, but the least we can do is to excuse him on the ground that they were the only authorities obtainable, and that many authors of a much later period have erred in like manner. No branch of natural history has been more overlaid with fable and exaggeration through the natural difficulty of observa-

tion, and ignorance on many points, which have only in our own time been clearly established, may well be condoned in a writer of two centuries ago. It may be noted that Walton's remark that pigeons can be trained to carry to and fro, is likely to be confirmed by recent experiments; while the statement that swallows have been used for messengers, has in our own time been verified.

Walton's happy description of the angler, as combining action with contemplation, may be considered as an allusion to the controversy which was then engaging men's minds between the merits of the new "Philosophy of Fruit," and that of the ancients; an allusion which prophetically pointed to that union of the two schools, which has produced the highest results in more serious sciences than that of angling.

The charge of cruelty brought against Walton by a great poet and others does not need very serious consideration. The ethics of field sports have been discussed with much vigor, and no useful purpose can be served by repeating the arguments on either side. In the present state of our knowledge of the lower animals and their sensations, it may at least be considered pedantic, on the strength of a few quaint expressions, to condemn a writer whose piety and morality have been so highly praised.

"The Compleat Angler" has well been styled a true English pastoral. As such, it strikes a far higher note than similar productions of the time, when mawkish sentimentality or affected classicisms were the distinguishing marks of works "written in praise of the country by men who lived in coffee-houses or on the Mall." Ever a devout student and true lover of nature, Walton went direct for his inspiration to nature herself, and in simple and reverent language repeats to us and to all time the true lessons of patience and contentment that she taught to him, and ever teaches to all those who follow her aright. His "Honest Coridon" is no fantastic idler in Arcadia, but a simple countryman with a love of rural sports, and a soul not above "that poor creature small beer."

Writing in an age when most Englishmen had musical tastes, Walton has scattered throughout his book songs in praise of a country life, which reflect his own feelings, and give us a high ideal of the favorite ballads of his time. The whole of his precepts to his pupil are breathed in that spirit of "gladsome piety," which Wordsworth has so beautifully celebrated

in verse. Every misery that he misses is to him a new mercy, and no more beautiful lesson for human guidance can be found in the pages of any writer than the lay-sermon which he bases on the text that closes his discourse, "Study to be Quiet." Whether with him we "walk in the meadows by some gliding stream," or pursue our daily task amidst the haunts of men, we cannot fail to be better and happier, as, with Walton's gentle and devout spirit for our guide, we study aright the works of "His hand, who spread the fisher's net over the dust of Sidonian palaces, and gave into the fisher's hand the keys of the kingdom of heaven."

W. R. PURCHAS.

From The Fortnightly Review.
IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

MY first impression of England was formed in the railway station at Dover. I was struck by the quietude, the order, and politeness of the officials. No one seemed to raise his voice, there was no confusion, and yet but little directing. Travelling from France to England, I could not but notice the contrast in these particulars between Dover and Calais. My second impression was a delightful one, and it came to me from the rapidity and smoothness with which the train swept forwards through a landscape of wondrous pastoral beauty. When the train pulled up at the station there was no sudden shock. The impression of quiet orderliness and practical efficiency was, at every moment, deepened. Yet the carriages did not seem to me to be either as well built or as comfortable as those in use on the Continent, and this gave me pause. My third impression came from the custom-house officials at Charing Cross. I was astonished by their politeness. I say "astonished," because I had never heard that politeness was a characteristic of the English. Travellers of all nationalities have descanted on their brusqueness amounting almost to rudeness, and the Englishman when he travels abroad is not noted, to say the least of it, for his courtesy. Yet the porters and the custom-house officials struck me by their politeness and by their readiness to be serviceable. Having had but little sleep on the train or on the boat, I was wearied out and sleepy on reaching London. My temper was not at its best, and yet the custom-house officials, in spite of the exceeding strictness of their super-

vision, soothed instead of angering me. They evidently tried to do their work with thoroughness and yet as rapidly as possible. And this seemed to me to be the truest courtesy they could show to tired travellers.

The next impression was borne in upon me from English hotel-life. I did not go to one of the more modern caravansaries in Northumberland Avenue, but the hotel is supposed to be an excellent one; and after I had slept for a couple of hours in a comfortable bed, I asked for my bath. Naturally enough I expected to find it exceedingly good. England is the country of the tub. The English have made of personal cleanliness a fetish which has imposed its worship on all civilized peoples. Here, if anywhere, I thought, I shall have a perfect bath. Alas for my expectations! The bath was of the most primitive description. To say I was astonished is to say but little — I was dumb-founded. Since then, of course, I have heard various explanations of this strange fact. I have been told that in the newer hotels the arrangements for bathing are more complete and better equipped; but, as these hotels are notoriously frequented by foreigners, this evasion does not completely satisfy me. The true explanation may lie in the fact that the Englishman is, above all things, practical. He wishes to be clean, he takes a bath, whether it is a pleasurable or an uncomfortable process matters to him but little. The Englishman is seldom a sensualist. It seems strange, however, that the English, who were the first to elevate bodily comfort to the dignity of a religion (perhaps the only cult possible in a materialistic civilization) should allow themselves to be outstripped in devotion. Or is it that they hate in everything counsels of perfection, and complacently content themselves with the mediocre? Like most foreigners, I make no real breakfast. After my bath I asked for coffee, and got — a strange brew, which I am utterly unable to classify; it was something so unnaturally bad, so monstrously unlike any coffee I had ever before seen, that I thought some mistake must have been made, and that the waiter had brought me a mixture of coffee and stout. I asked for another cup. I got it. I did not taste it. By the look and smell I recognized my former enemy, and gave myself up cheerfully to abstinence. I only mention these incidents because they prepared me for the disappointments of ordinary English living. The rich, of course, live well in all countries. But the English

middle and lower classes live upon food which can scarcely be called appetizing, in spite of the fact that English beef and mutton is notoriously the best in the world. Few arts come naturally to the Anglo-Saxon race.

To be rightly appreciated, the Englishman must be seen at work. In London the policeman directs you, with unflinching courtesy; with a wave of his hand he stops the traffic of the most crowded thoroughfare, and then calmly conducts an old lady, or an old gentleman, or a group of children, across the street in safety. The policeman is an autocrat, there is no appeal against his authority, and yet he is always serviceable and polite. No orders from above would make him the willing servant of the people if good qualities were not innate in him. Contrast his conduct with the behavior of a *sergent de ville* in Paris, and my appreciation will at once be justified. Again, take the hansom cab-driver, who is content with his simple fare, and who, as a rule, is a wonderfully good "whip." I have seldom suffered from rudeness at the hands of any cab-driver in London; but in Paris, if your "tip" does not come up to the expectations of the *cocher* — and if he happens to be in an ill-temper, or drunk, his expectations are usually fantastic — he will slang you in the vilest language, without let or hindrance. I, therefore, infer that punishment for such offences is more easily secured in London than in Paris. The English democracy, it appears, is not yet educated to the point of confounding civility with servility.

I must now give a few instances of unfavorable impressions. The public buildings in London, and also the private houses, did not seem to me to be nearly so fine, or so imposing, as are the corresponding edifices in Paris and Vienna. As regards the private houses, this may be explained by the Continental custom of living in flats; but as regards the public buildings, no such explanation can be offered. There seems to be something *mesquin* in everything undertaken by government or public authorities in England. Whether this arises from a fault in the national character, from the severity of a practical judgment which ignores the ornamental, and has even but little feeling for the beautiful, I am not prepared to say. Compare, for instance, the Bank of England with the Bank of France, or the Quai d'Orsay with Whitehall, and you will admit the fact, however you may seek to explain it.

On my first visit to England, I asked myself, one morning, where I should go, and of course decided first to visit Westminster Abbey. The building itself is a beautiful one; it seems to me that enough has not been said in praise of it. But the monuments inside are — again my English fails me. Things of such grotesque ugliness are not to be seen elsewhere in the civilized world. The sense of artistic beauty seems to be lacking in the modern Englishman, and this is a most terrible shortcoming. The offensive ugliness of those monuments in the Abbey oppresses me, when I think of them, like a nightmare. The English are not an art-loving people, and temples to the beautiful are not likely to be erected within these four seas.

Other unfavorable impressions live with me. Of course, on the very first day I was struck with the immensity of London, with the ceaseless traffic, and the order which controls it. But then, some of the chief business thoroughfares are narrow, winding streets, and this entails loss of valuable time. I wonder how much the perpetual blocking of traffic — say at Newgate Street or Cheapside — costs yearly, and whether this sum capitalized would not pay for the widening of the streets. It should be taken into account, too, that this evil is certain to increase in a sort of geometrical progression with the growth of London. The individual Englishman is pre-eminently practical and efficient, but when Englishmen act in bodies they leave much to be desired. The streets in the world's capital are insufficiently lit with what is evidently a low quality of gas, and electric lights such as delight one in Paris, Vienna, or even Milan, seem to be almost unknown. The small extent to which electric lighting is employed in London is, I understand, due to the insane restrictions devised by a Radical minister who, in his hatred of monopolies, throttled an infant industry, and deprived Londoners of an almost inestimable benefit. But his unwisdom in this matter did not, I believe, diminish Mr. Chamberlain's popularity.

Germans and Frenchmen, indeed all foreigners, often wonder why Englishmen turn up their trousers at the bottoms even in fine weather; they do so simply by reason of unbroken habit — a habit born of necessity. Never have I seen streets in Vienna or in Paris in such a dirty state, in such an impassable condition, as the streets of London exhibited for weeks together last winter. The streets are as

well made and almost as well kept up as the boulevards of Paris, but in Paris snow has scarcely ceased to fall when it is swept off every boulevard and every chief artery of commerce. In London the snow is allowed to freeze on the streets, and is then tardily, painfully, and in piecemeal fashion shovelled into embankments of frozen mud, which are hideous and uncomfortable, to say the least of them. Here the English practical sense is manifestly at fault. I understand from my friends that the disgraceful condition of the London streets in winter time or during rain is due to the fact that in London there is no competent municipal authority as there is in every other European capital. In London, they tell me, the parish system still obtains, and the various parish authorities are not adequately supervised. As a witty Conservative friend said to me one day: "The streets of London afford an object-lesson in the blessings of local self-government." But fancy such a condition of streets in London! London is to-day the business centre of the world; it is the banking-house, the mart and exchange of the world; it is the richest of cities; and yet for months together the inhabitants of this great capital put up with a condition of the streets and squares such as cannot be found elsewhere west of Constantinople. The English must be a very patient people; they must expect little from constituted authorities, for they get little.

Numberless instances of bad government recur to memory. For example, no one would compare the postal arrangements in Germany with those which obtain in Great Britain. The German postal system affords every convenience known here—and how many more. Let us take but one. You can telegraph money from one end of the German Empire to the other. You pay, let us suppose, a thousand marks into the post-office in Berlin, and in half an hour it is paid across the counter to your son's demand in Heidelberg or Hamburg. The *petit bleu* of the Paris post-office, too, is unknown in London. Of course, I refer to the *telegramme postale*. In Paris you can write a letter on a sort of stiff blue paper with adhesive edges, which you fold and direct, and which then reaches its address within the city limits in about half an hour, at a cost of fivepence. These conveniences and many more of the same sort are totally unknown in London. And yet I understand that the post-office in Great Britain is a source of immense revenue to the State. Again, the telephone service in

London is so execrably bad that one cannot be surprised at the slight progress it has made in public favor. It cannot be compared in efficiency with that offered in half-a-dozen Continental capitals. Such examples of inefficiency and backwardness in great institutions cannot, I imagine, be referred with justice to the innate conservatism of the English people. Forty years ago the English postal service was the best in the world; to-day it has been outstripped, apparently because government departments in England are badly administered. Whether this in turn is due to the party system of government, which places orators and not specialists at the head of great departments of State, I am unable to decide. This explanation has more than once been offered to me in England, but it scarcely seems to be satisfactory. The democratic system of government obtains in France, and yet the postal arrangements in Paris are better than those of London. No. Everything in Great Britain ordered by government seems *mesquin* and inefficient, but the reason of this lies, it seems to me, in some defect in the character of the people. The national business, I understand, is shockingly badly managed by Parliament. Business men complain of private-bill legislation as costly in the extreme and very slow. The English, it appears, are more interested in the rhetoric of Mr. Gladstone than in good administration. Seriously, one asks one's self, are they becoming impractical? Whatever the reason may be, the fact seems to be undeniable that, even in the practical dealings of life, the English no longer lead the world as they did half a century ago.

Let us now take another instance of what seems bad government. One evening, I remember, a friend from one of the embassies came to my hotel to take me to his club; it was about half past eleven o'clock, or perhaps a quarter to twelve, the time at which people return home from theatres or evening entertainments. I wanted to take a hansom; he assured me the club was only a few minutes' walk distant, and so we set forth on foot. Never had I undergone such an experience. Loose women crowded the pavements of Piccadilly, setting law, order, and common decency at defiance; these women were not content with soliciting you, they laid hands upon you, forcible hands, vengeful hands, and remedy there was none. The policeman, so serviceable in the daytime, seemed now, when he was most needed, to be non-existent. I confess that after

being stopped forcibly three or four times, I took a cab to avoid the nuisance. This evil scarcely admits of explanation or of excuse, and the apathy shown by the authorities and by the people is altogether unaccountable. Various explanations of this fact have been offered to me by my English friends. I have been told that the Puritans object to houses of ill-fame, and have them all closed by the public authorities; but to turn thousands of prostitutes loose upon the most frequented thoroughfares, to allow them all license, elsewhere unheard of, in public, and to the discomfort and disgust of every decent citizen, is something worse than puritanical, it is irrational, disgraceful. In this sea of vice the policeman, whom in daytime I so much honor, is submerged. So far as I have seen, European civilization offers no spectacle so heart-rending as the streets of London exhibit about midnight. Ladies cannot go home from the theatre on foot, the streets are impassable, delivered over to the lawlessness of the vile. Decidedly the English are patient of misgovernment; perhaps centuries of liberty have taught them to be patient — but they are patient, patient as Issachar.

One of the first places of amusement I went to in London happened to be the Alhambra Music Hall. The entertainment was, of its kind, good, but what struck me was the quietude, decorum, and order kept throughout the house. Now, compare the Alhambra in this respect with the Folies Bergère at Paris. If a man goes to the Folies Bergère in evening dress, he is sure to be accosted by loose women three or four times on his way to his seat; but no one speaks to you at the Alhambra unless you first speak to them. In fact, the streets of Paris in this respect are as much superior to the streets of London as the Folies Bergère is inferior to the Alhambra; but, of course, it is preferable to have a disorderly music hall rather than disorder in a public street. Why the streets of London are allowed to become impassable at night, I am at a loss to imagine, unless, indeed, the practical sense of the individual Englishman is lost whenever he acts in concert with others. For order and decorum form the "note" of English life. I have been struck by this again and again. For instance, go to any of the restaurants to dinner — to the Bristol or Berkeley, let us say. The first time I went to the Berkeley, I was impressed with the decorum which prevailed there. Every one spoke

in his neighbor; there were no loud orders given — in fact, the tone was the tone of a well-bred salon rather than what one finds in most of the restaurants in Continental cities, though in Paris and in Italy there are restaurants where the same tone prevails. There is an air of distinction in this English quietude and respect for the comfort of others which is most impressive. Here are people, one says to oneself, who are as slow to give offence as they are manful in resenting it. I can well believe what I have been told, that if one hears loud voices in a restaurant in London, the offenders are either of a low class or Americans or foreigners. But why can't some order be maintained in the streets?

I have been impressed everywhere in England by the physique of the people and by their sturdy bearing; it is evidently a strong and vigorous race. But in no other European country are the better classes so much finer physically than the lower. The English gentleman seems to me to be the finest human animal in the world. But the lower classes — and they are after all the majority — are not exceptionally robust. They do not seem to be stronger than Germans or Russians. Yet the race on the whole is eminently healthy-looking, with health as its characteristic rather than refinement of feature or splendor of coloring. The women are good-looking and the children are more beautiful than any others I have seen in the world. The air of health and of physical strength is, of course, due to the habit of constant outdoor exercise, and this it is which makes the life at English country houses so enjoyable. What can be healthier, for instance, than the life in one of the country houses in Scotland? The air is splendid, the scenery beautiful — in fact, everything conduces to that perfect health of the body which is seen nowhere else at such perfection as in Great Britain. In some of these great houses I have enjoyed living untroubled by any thought. After a long day's shooting, a warm bath, and a perfect dinner, I have lounged in the smoking-room in a state of semi-torpor, feeling assured that not even an Eskimo after a full meal of whale-blubber could possibly be more "comfortable." But why is not Scotland re-afforested? Hundreds and hundreds of square miles of those Highland hills and valleys are perfectly adapted to the growing of trees, and forests scientifically cultivated, as in France and Germany, are no mean source of income. Or is it true, as I have been told, that in this case the

luxurious self-indulgence of the few rich is allowed to turn land which might be a source of national wealth into a—deer-run?

The subject of forestry in England might be used as an example of a national shortcoming. A hundred years ago Englishmen were incontestably the best foresters in the world. They were the first to teach how trees should be cultivated, and how rough nature could be made beautiful by that finest art which excludes artificiality. All over Germany the public parks are still called *Englische Garten*, as in Munich and Dresden, in honor of the Englishmen who were called upon to form and fashion these pleasure-grounds. But since Germany and France have established government schools of forestry, English pre-eminence in this art has ceased to exist. The English foresters had learned their craft by experience, but in the schools of France and Germany their experience has been supplemented by scientific knowledge. There are, I understand, no schools of forestry in Great Britain. And so it comes about that when Englishmen are needed in India, in the department of woods and forests, they have to be sent for two years to the schools of Germany and France at the expense of the English government to learn their business. To a foreigner no single fact in connection with England could be more astonishing than this, or more luminous. It shows a contempt on the part of the English people for scientific education, which is certain, if uncorrected, to have no small influence upon their future. Nor does this strange fact stand alone, as a solitary example of, let us call it, narrow-mindedness. Half a century ago the roads throughout Great Britain were the best in the world. The English, in fact, taught all civilized peoples the value of good roads, and how they should be made. To-day the roads in England are certainly inferior to the roads in Germany and France. It may, of course, be said that the military requirements of these Continental nations have made the best possible roads a condition of existence, but still as the best roads are now universally acknowledged to be the cheapest, it seems strange that the pioneers of road-making should have been so far outstripped. Here, as in other departments of life, the individual Englishman proved the superiority of his practical judgment over the individual German or Frenchman, but as soon as the question became one for the government, the English were sur-

passed. Perhaps the explanation is that the schools, if indeed there be any in England in which road-making is studied as a science, are inferior to those of Germany and France. The English appear to make roads still by rule of thumb, by what they complacently call "practical methods." And, as we have seen, their forestry suffers from the same cause. We seem here to have come to a real defect in the national character.

Almost the first thing which strikes a foreigner in talking to Englishmen, even of the best class, is the scarcely veiled contempt with which they all speak of book-learning. I was astonished once to find that a gentleman who had been mentioned with unfeigned respect as "a good man all round," was not of a high order of intelligence. A fine rider, sportsman, and cricketer, his accomplishments were mainly physical. English schoolboys, I am assured, think more of bodily strength and nimbleness than of study, and their heroes are not scholars or thinkers, or artists, but athletes. And this boyish and extravagant cult of the body is universal in England. Almost every Englishman one meets, quotes with high approval the saying which is ascribed to the Duke of Wellington, that "Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton." Yet it is even now scarcely doubtful that the Waterloos of the future, at least, will be won by the head rather than by the arms and legs, useful as these are. And what about the industrial battles of our time? Some of the gravest shortcomings of the English to-day can be ascribed to the national contempt for science, and learning, and art. And as science in our time is coming more and more to rule industry, their contempt for it is already handicapping them in the race of life. A year or so ago Mr. Goschen delivered a speech in which he exemplified, in many ways, the necessity of education in our industrial civilization. He drew attention to the fact that German clerks were ousting Englishmen from situations in the City simply because they were better educated. The German's knowledge of two or three languages gave him the superiority. Mr. Goschen showed, too, that English trade with the Continent and, indeed, with all foreigners, is suffering because English commercial travellers are generally ignorant of the language of their customers. He dwelt upon the value of technical education, and deplored the rarity of technical schools in Great Britain. But, in spite of the fact that the chancellor of the exchequer spoke wisely

and with authority, his words appear to have remained without effect.

The education of the poorer classes in England still leaves much to be desired. Technical instruction is to the poor of the nineteenth century what the apprenticeship system was to the same classes in the fifteenth, and technical instruction in England is in an embryonic condition. The education of the middle classes in England is incredibly bad, and that of the richer classes may be described in a phrase. Three-fourths of all the schools for higher education which can be found to-day in England were in existence in the time of Elizabeth. Yet the needs of a population of less than five millions in the sixteenth century can surely not be compared to those of a population of twenty-five millions in the nineteenth. It is not my business unduly to labor this theme. It seems probable to me, however, that some of the glories of those "spacious days" of the great queen may be attributed to the love of learning which was then as characteristic of Englishmen as contempt of it is to-day. Fancy an Erasmus of the nineteenth century coming to England to learn Greek, or, indeed, anything else!

"In our time," Goethe said, "victory will be with the specialists," and yet there are not a few special industries and arts in which no training or teaching worthy of the name can be found in Great Britain. The characteristic desire of this age is a longing to touch life at many points, to give the freest scope to that differentiation of faculty by means of which alone the individual can attain his highest development. It would be true to say that in this essential point life in England to-day is poorer than life in Germany or in France.

Some years spent in England have taught me to regard the English with respect. I think of them as strong, healthy human beings, with some high moral qualities, such as a keen sense of justice and a certain stability of character which corresponds almost exactly to their physique. But they are neither flexible nor many-sided; they represent the powers of the past, but they are not so well adapted to victorious supremacy in the present, and still less in the future. And if in a forthcoming paper I write much more frankly than I have here written of their shortcomings (for as yet I have but touched the externals, as it were, of their life) I shall do so because they can afford to hear the truth. It may be that some of my opinions are ill-founded, that many of my judgments are crude by reason of igno-

rance, but none of my views are inspired by spite or malice. I have found in England a generous hospitality and fair play in the struggle for existence. I am indebted, therefore, to the English for much. I can do no harm by writing what I honestly think of them—I may possibly do some little good.

A SON OF ADAM.

From The Spectator.
ORPHEUS AT THE ZOO.

PART I.

IN making trial, with the aid of a skilled musician, of the effect of sweet sounds on animal ears, we knew that there was good reason to doubt whether Orpheus himself might not fail to charm within the precincts of the Zoo. For if, on the one hand, the creatures so far share the blessings of the golden age that they entertain a liking rather than a fear of man, and have no dread of a possible enemy behind the mask of music, many of them are no strangers to such forms of it as are produced by the harmony of a band which plays there weekly in summer evenings. To those creatures which have lived for years in that part of the gardens near the band-stand, the sound of music is no new thing; and it was possible that they might be as indifferent to its strains as an organ-grinder's monkey to the music of the street. On the other hand, there must be many to which, either from living at a distance from the musical centre of the band-stand, or in separate buildings, such sounds are new and unusual; and others which are but recent arrivals in the gardens; fresh from tropical forests, or the wastes and deserts of an unmusical world. In any case, to listen to the distant strains of a brass-band, is a different experience from that enjoyed in a chamber recital by your own violin-player, one who can draw from his instrument by sympathetic skill melodious chords, sounds soft and weird, grave and gay, strident or tremulous, harmonious or suddenly discordant, eye watching eye, and quick to change or repeat a note as he marks the varying expression of emotion roused by sound on animal faces sometimes strangely expressive, or on others in which for minutes the eye alone gives token even of life. It was on some of these last, the snakes and creeping things, that we proposed first to make trial of the powers of sound,—partly because Eastern traditions of snake-charming are

some of the oldest in the world; partly because, if they proved unresponsive, this would still leave room to hope that creatures of a higher organization and warmer blood might be more appreciative; and lastly, the day was dark, with thunder and rain, and Orpheus himself, in his sylvan concerts, might have failed to charm with wetted strings.

Before visiting the cobras and the pythons, we made our way to the insect-house, with some design of making trial of the tarantula spider, our violinist having a theory of his own that spiders had a liking for harmonious sound; partly, too, from a mixed feeling that the tarantula, whose bite makes others dance, should itself have a feeling for musical numbers. Apparently the tarantula's powers are objective only, for it remained in its corner sulky and unmoved. But a nest of scorpions was less indifferent. After the piece of bark behind which these venomous creatures were lurking had been gently overturned, and they had settled down to their usual semi-slumbrous state, the violin played chords, at first gentle and melodious, then rising to a high and sustained series of piercing notes. In a few moments, one after another, the creatures began to move, the mass became violently agitated, and the torpid scorpions awoke into a writhing tangle of legs and claws and stings. When the sounds ceased, they became still; when the loud, shrill notes were played again, they were again agitated. The talking mynah, which lives in the same room, sprang from end to end of its cage with ecstatic hops, and whistled and coughed, and gave evidence that it at least was a critical listener to the rival musician. The pretty, dappled Japanese deer, which live in a little paddock by the path, were our next audience; and as we passed them on our way to the snakes' house, a few soft chords were played by way of trial. The deer were at once attracted, and drew near the railings, with ears pointed forward. While low, pathetic chords were played, they stood still, panting, but not displeased. At a sudden discord they sprang back, and shook their heads. Loud, quick music followed; but this failed to please; they stood further off, stamped, and shook their heads again, looking excited and defiant. But we had not come to play to the deer that day. The snakes and pythons were our object, the more so as we could play to these without interruption from the interested visitors, whose inconvenient attention our enterprise was beginning to attract.

"Behind the scenes" in the new reptile-house lies a most interesting region; and Orpheus has a prescriptive right of entry to the arcana of the serpent world. We explained the object of our visit,—

Cessit immanis mihi blandienti
Janitor aulae!

and we were most kindly taken to the private side of snake-land at the Zoo. There, if we may not "breakfast on basilisks' eggs," as in the land of Cleopatra's asp, we may at least see the creature that does breakfast on basilisks' eggs, the great monitor lizard, which eats the eggs of the crocodile,—or of hens at the Zoo, where crocodiles' eggs are scarce. There, too, we may see young basilisks, or crocodiles, frisking in a homely watering-pot; young rats, too, by the score, parti-colored and piebald, the destined food of serpents, but meantime in high spirits and playfully squeaking. It was the very place for a chamber concert to the cobras, for the thick plate-glass before the cages shuts out the sound of the curious crowd in front, while in the back of each compartment is a small, square iron door, like those through which food is passed in model prisons to the inmates of the cells. This door, in the case of the poisonous snakes, is set high above the ground, and is reached by a set of steps which travels on a rail. It is therefore possible to observe the creatures' movements while the player of the music is out of sight below.

The "dweller on the threshold" of the snake's home is the monitor lizard, an active and formidable saurian some five feet in length, whose watchful habits were said to give warning of the approach of the crocodile. It did not belie its reputation for watchfulness, for the instant that it heard the sounds of the violin through its opened door, it raised its head, and stood alert and listening. Then the forked tongue came out and played incessantly round its lips; soft, slow music followed, and the lizard became quite still, except for a gentle swaying of the head from side to side. Two groups of black snakes from the Robben Islands next claimed our attention, and gave some evidence of the way in which the physical condition of the moment affects the sensibilities of these creatures. In the first cage, they remained absolutely torpid, looking exactly as if carved out in polished ebony. In the next, the heads were raised at once, the forked tongues played, and at a sudden discord each snake's head started violently back. Nor was this quick repulsion caused

by any sudden movement of the bow, for the player was invisible. In the next cages to these were some small boas, and Madame Paulus's pythons, with which that lady used to perform in a tank at the Royal Aquarium. The pythons showed no signs of interest, except by a quickened respiration; but a boa was at once attracted by the music. As it worked along the rounded rim of its circular bath in the direction of the sounds, it gave a beautiful exhibition of that snake-movement for which we have no name, — neither crawling nor creeping, but gently enveloping portions of the surface on which it lay with its lower scales, and advancing noiselessly and almost imperceptibly. Arrived at the side of the bath nearest to the door, it extended its head with a kind of tremulous motion until it obtained a view of the violin. It remained for some minutes motionless, with its eye fixed upon the instrument, until the music became loud and strident. Then, in sinuous folds, it dropped like some viscous fluid to the ground, and slowly advanced to the door, from which it was gently put back by its keeper.

But the cobra is the snake to which all tradition points as most susceptible to musical sounds, and we prepared to watch its attitude towards the violin with no little excitement and curiosity. The accounts of Indian residents mainly agree in saying that the snake-charmer does influence these serpents by the monotonous notes of his little bagpipes; that as soon as the sound is heard, the snake rises, spreads its hood, and often waves its head from side to side in some sort of time to the music; and that, under these conditions, these venomous serpents may be handled with impunity. The last claim of the snake-charmer is perhaps over-bold. The snakes appear generally to have their fangs drawn. But in any case, opinion agrees that the sound of the pipes does attract and interest the cobra. Wild cobras are also induced by the pipe-player to come out from the holes in old wells or ruins in which they have taken up their residence, the snake being noosed, when its body is sufficiently clear of the hole to enable it to be jerked away, by the snake-charmer's partner.

The behavior of the cobras at the Zoo more than justified the Indian stories. We selected for our serenade a large yellow Indian cobra, which was lying coiled up asleep on the gravel at the bottom of its cage. At the first note of the violin, the snake instantly raised its head, and

fixed its bright yellow eye with a set gaze on the little door at the back. The music then gradually became louder, and the snake raised itself in the traditional attitude on its tail, and spread its hood, slowly oscillating from one side to the other as the violin played waltz-time. There was a most strangely "interested" look in the cobra's eye and attitude at this time, and the slightest change in the volume or character of the music, was met by an instantaneous change in the movements or poise of the snake. At the tremolo, it puffed its body out. A rattlesnake in the next cage was also listening intently at the same time, with its head drawn back, and slowly rising and falling. But it was less apparently sensitive than the cobra. The violin suddenly reproduced the sound of the bagpipes, which greatly excited the snake; and as the "drone" was put on to the tune of "The Keel Row," its hood expanded to its utmost dimensions. Soft minor chords were then played, and a sudden sharp discord struck without warning. The snake flinched whenever this was done, as if it had been struck, and this, it may be worth noting, was subsequently found to be a general effect of discords on most animals of a higher organization. The results of these further experiments were naturally more easy to detect and record than in the case of the snakes; but it may be taken as established that at the Zoo there are serpents that are not yet deaf to the voice of the charmer, even if he lack the training of Eastern magicians.

PART II.

THE result of experiments made upon animals with musical sounds, of which an account appeared last week in the *Spectator*, was such as to invite a second visit by the violin-player to the inmates of the Zoo. The sun was shining brightly, and most of the animals were just awaking from their morning sleep. Some were not yet awake. The two Polar bears were lying fast asleep in an affectionate embrace, their noses touching, and each with one paw laid on its companion's side, while the other grasped its friend's. Both were dreaming, like dogs on a hearthrug, and gave slight starts and sounds from time to time, and movements of their feet and paws. We seated ourselves on the balustrade of the bridge above, and serenaded the bears. The young one awoke at once, and slowly rolled over, stretched itself, and as the music increased in volume, came out into the main cage to listen. The violin was some ten feet above the

level on which the bear was standing. In order to get nearer the sound, it stood up on its hind legs, and listened intently. It then retired and began to walk backwards and forwards, uttering some half-formed sound. But a fresh burst of music from the violin once more brought it to the front, where it stood up and, spreading its arms wide on either side, pushed its muzzle between the bars. When the musician descended from the balcony and went close to the cage, the bear at once crossed to the place, and sat down to listen, occasionally putting its paws through the bars to try to reach the instrument. It was not until we had ceased to play for some time that the bear left its place against the bars, and sought refreshment in a morning tub. The two grizzly bears, at the first chord struck, assumed at once an air of the most comic and critical attention, each with its head on one side and its paws clasping the bars. A sudden discord made both bears start back, and the lively tune of "The Keel Row" set them walking up and down the cage. In the lion-house, every head turned to the first sound of the violin; as the strains continued, the largest lion, to whom the music was more particularly addressed, began to wave the black tuft on its tail from side to side; and a lioness, which had been asleep in the inner cage, walked straight out towards the violin, and tried to push the lion from its "front seat." But by this time so much public interest was awakened in our experiment that we were obliged to forego our concert to the lions, and seek an audience less subject to interruption. There is a German tale of a fiddler pursued by wolves who was saved by the accidental breaking of a string of his fiddle. The sound of the breaking string frightened the wolves for the moment, and afterwards, the legend adds, he kept them from pulling him from the roof of the hut on which he had taken refuge, by playing continuously. The story of the breaking string frightening the wolves, so far agreed with our experience of the effect of sudden and sharp discords on various animals, that it was decided to make the experiment upon the wolves. The result went far to show that the old legend of their fear of music is based on fact. The common European wolf set up its back, and drew back its lips into a fixed and hideous sneer, showing all its teeth to the gums, with its tail between its legs. The Indian wolf showed signs of extreme and abject fear. It trembled violently, its fur was erected, and cower-

ing down till its body almost touched the ground, it retreated to the furthest corner of its cage. When the music was played at the back of the cage, where the musician was invisible, its alarm was in no degree abated. It crept to the door to listen, and then sprang back and cowered against the bars in front of the cage, and so continued in alternate spasms of curiosity and fear. The jackals and some of the wilder foxes were only less alarmed than the wolves. The female jackals ran back to their inner den and hid themselves. The male erected its fur until it appeared as rough as an Esquimaux dog, and crept backwards and forwards with its lips curled back, opening and shutting its mouth, growling whenever a strong discordant note was struck. The scene at this time was extremely amusing. The prairie wolves next door sat down to listen, the African jackals sat on a shelf and watched, and the performance was overlooked from a distance by a nervous but highly interested row of foxes of various sizes and colors, all sitting on the party-walls which divide their cages from the wolves and dingoes. It was like a picture from an illustrated edition of "Æsop's Fables." The foxes in the large cages came forward readily to listen to the music, though the usual experiment of striking a discord startled them greatly. But the rough fox from Demerara, in a small cage behind the building, was so violently alarmed that the keeper requested that the music might cease, for fear the creature should "have a fit," to which ailment it appears that foxes and wolves are very subject. As might be expected, the sheep found pleasure in sounds which terrified the wolves. The *burriel*, or wild sheep of the Himalayas, all came forward to listen, their ears pointed forward to catch the sounds. Some even stood up, and placing their fore feet against the palings, stretched their necks in the direction of the music. Our violinist appropriately chose "The Shepherd's Call" in "William Tell," and this served to engage their attention more than "The Keel Row" or any more violent airs. Like almost all the other creatures, they were startled at a discord.

In the row of sheep-sheds, the music drew out all the inmates, the Markhoor and the Cretan ibex coming forward to listen, and walking back to their food when the music stopped. The old Indian wild boar was an unexpected and appreciative convert to the charms of music. It was lying fast asleep in the sun, with its back

towards the musician; but at the first chords, it rose and faced round towards the player. After listening attentively, with ears forward, the boar began a series of complacent grunts, and advanced to the front of the pen, until disconcerted by a sharp discordant note, which drove it back several feet. The wild swine from Spain and Africa were also much interested in the music. For some unknown reason, the sounds which pleased the boars offended the African elephant. Setting up its huge, flapping ears, it flung up its trunk, snorted and whistled like a steam-engine, driving its head against the rails, and exhibiting every mark of anger and dislike. The Indian bison and the gaur both brought forward their broad ears to listen, and, resting their muzzles against the railings, seemed to enjoy the sounds; a sharp discord caused them to start back, and produced the same effect on the zebras and African wild ass, both of which listened to the harmonious chords with pleasure, and followed the musician from one side of their stall to another. But it was in the monkey-house that the music caused the greatest wonder and excitement. The large monkeys — two of which will never hear the violin again, for Sally and the young orang-outang have both died since our visit — were more frightened than pleased. Tim, the silvery gibbon, was much agitated, opening and shutting his mouth, and waving his long arms about, until two loud discordant notes were played, when he came flying down from his tree, and flung himself against the bars. The young orang-outang turned his back at once, and made off to the top of his cage, from which not even a banana would tempt him. Sally listened gravely, with her hands crossed and a far-off look in her eyes, until a strong crescendo was played, when she made an audible and perfectly articulate remark, though, in the absence of Dr. Garnier, we were unable to record its meaning. Outside the large monkey-house, a large Tcheli monkey was sitting in a cage apart, thoughtfully chewing a stick. At the sound of the violin, it gave a violent start and frowned, which, however, is not a necessary sign of displeasure in monkeys' physiognomy. When sudden discords were played, it sprang forward and rattled the bars. The Capuchin monkeys, the species selected by Dr. Garnier for his experiments in monkey language, showed the strangest and most amusing excitement. These pretty

little creatures have wonderfully expressive and intelligent pink faces, with bright brown eyes and pink lips, and the play and mobility of their faces and bodies while listening to the music was extraordinarily rapid. The three in the first cage at first rushed up into their box, and then all peeped out, chattering and excited. One by one they came down and listened to the music with intense curiosity, shrieking and making faces at a crescendo, shaking the wires at a discord, and putting their heads upside down in efforts of acute criticism at low and musical passages. Every change of note was marked by some alteration of expression in the faces of the excited little monkeys, and a series of discordant notes roused them to a passion of rage. Most of the other monkeys came up to listen, the Malbrook monkey dropped the clay pipe he was making believe to smoke, and the white-nosed monkey stole a lady's veil and picked it thoughtfully to pieces. But a big baboon recently brought to the gardens assumed a most comic look of disgust and surprise, and walked off to the utmost limits of its chain.

It is easier to give a record of such experiments than to speak with confidence of the feelings excited in our various listeners. Darwin, while giving many instances of the expression of anger, pain, and fear, gives few of the expression of pleasure, or the middle emotions of curiosity and contentment. It will not, however, be difficult to show that in many cases the animals at the Zoo did exhibit pleasure and curiosity in a very marked degree; while, strange to say, in the case of others, anger or fear was shown in all the modes which Darwin has described. With the behavior of the wolves we may compare his description of the characteristic expression of fear in carnivorous animals, by erecting the hair and uncovering the teeth and trembling. "Cattle and sheep," says the great naturalist, "are remarkable for displaying their emotions in a very slight degree, except that of extreme pain." But in the case of the wild sheep, and even of the wild cattle, the pleasure and curiosity aroused by the music were plainly shown, as we have described above, by their instant attention and their approach towards the sounds. At the sudden discords they instantly showed displeasure by stamping the feet and retiring. The African elephant gave unmistakable signs of anger; the wild boar and pigs, of pleasure and curiosity;

and among others which shared these amiable emotions, were beyond doubt the zebras, wild asses, Polar and grizzly bears, and the ant-eater. No creature seemed wholly indifferent except the seals, and the sudden start and displeasure at a discord was almost universal, from the snakes to the African elephant. There are many men, perhaps many races of men, who

could not detect a discord, and would be indifferent alike to harmony and its opposite. Must we not, then, infer that, owing to some greater sensitiveness of the organ, most animals have a musical ear, and that the stories of Orpheus and his lute have, at any rate, a basis in the facts of animal æsthetics?

GUSTAVE DORÉ.—A life of Gustave Doré, which is the posthumous work of Blanchard Jerrold, is just published by W. H. Allen & Co. It is the work of a great genius. The praise is high; it will not seem extravagant to those who take the trouble to discriminate between what Doré could do, and what he could not. As an illustrator, he was of fancy and imagination all compact. No one ever showed such invention in that branch of art. As a painter—well, he was not the man. He willed to be a painter; Providence and his contemporaries denied, and he perished in early middle age of a broken heart. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has followed in the division of his subject this natural division of the life. The first part is of Doré happy in himself, and in the public appreciation, as the king of illustrators, the very King Cæsus of them, for his wealth of ideas was inexhaustible. The second part is of Doré, the wretchedest man alive, painfully toiling for admission to the Salon, not always with success, and suffering the bitter mortification of seeing his great canvases quietly removed from the galleries to the cellars of Versailles. It was Liston once more, tired of his triumphs in his own peculiar line, and longing to burst on the world as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. Many of Doré's admirers in this country, where now chiefly the admirers of his painting reside, will altogether contest this view. They will point to his very striking illustrations of the Scripture story on canvas, and to other works, and they will ask whether the man who could do these things was not to be held a master of his art. They are right to stand up for their faith, but they must be sure that they do not confound an illustrative aptitude, which no one contests, with a power of painting which most judges deny. In painting, Doré was very much as a poet who had not heard of prosody, and who had little but the fire of his genius to sustain him in epic attempts. It was magnificent, the painters said of some of his most ambitious things, but it was not brush work. He came in a fastidious age when his countrymen were trying for all sorts of refinements of the art—for impression, for "open airism," for values, for good workmanship as such, and when they had taught themselves to feel ashamed of

purely pictorial interest as a thing that ought to be left to the artists of the illustrated papers. He was supreme in interest of this kind, but when they sought him for a solution of the problems of the craft, he had nothing to say. He hardly knew that the problems existed. He could not conceive that they gave any human being one moment's serious concern. He was, as an old-fashioned Churchman, face to face with new difficulties about inspiration, or with the signs of dual authorship in Genesis.

THE VULCAN AND HER MACHINERY.—Great disappointment is expressed at the difficulties which have arisen in connection with the torpedo depot ship *Vulcan*, and that it should have been found necessary to again send her into dock at Portsmouth to make good serious defects which developed themselves during her last trials. In many respects the construction of the *Vulcan* is unique, and, had all been well, she would have proved one of the speediest and most powerful vessels in the navy; but it is now admitted that her design is faulty in a direction in which several other vessels are defective. Too little space and weight have been allowed for machinery, which is consequently rather flimsy, and is unable to bear any severe strain. It is in this connection remembered that Messrs. Laird were fined for making the engines of the *Rattlesnake* gunboat heavier than was contracted for, and that she is far and away the best of her class. But besides this blemish the *Vulcan* has others which are peculiarly her own, and are, perhaps, incidental to the fact that she belongs to a wholly new type—her gigantic cranes make her top-heavy, and the workshop is so inconveniently placed as to be almost useless. After the *Vulcan's* previous breakdown Mr. Durston, engineer-in-chief of the navy, went down from London, and, with a special staff, himself undertook the repairs, but even then after a four hours' run at eighteen knots, which is two knots less than full speed, the boilers leaked.

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